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LIPPINCOTT'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

JUNE 1910

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"FRANCINE"

By MARIE LOUISE GOETCHIUS

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LIPPINCOTT'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

JUNE, 1910



FRANCINE

BY

MARIE LOUISE GOETCHIUS

Author of "Anne of Treboul," etc.

I.

IT was in the Restaurant Hanley that he sat, smoking a big black cigar and sipping without much enthusiasm a glass of beer. He did not seem to assimilate or agree with his clothes—they were thick, of rough material, and they looked as if they had all, collar, tie, suit, and shoes, been ground out of some wholesale machine which produced indifferently hundreds of just such costumes at each rapid turn of its crank. Small, wiry, with quick eyes and hands, he appeared to have been caught like a fly in this clumsy mass of clothing. He was watching almost avidly the come and go of the awkward waiters inside, and the rushing black stream of passers-by outside; he was listening to the clash of bulky dishes, the confused stir, whip, and rumble, the whole symphony of city sound.

Beneath his hand, with the very folds of its foreign envelope snuggling up to his fingers, lay an unopened letter. It was a small, helpless thing, quiet as if smitten by a frail terror of the clamor surrounding it; and yet one could feel through its thin skin a certain caressing manner, a seductive strength which, one can whisper, came always from the lightest touch of the little Francine. And how, you will ask, could he sit and hold this letter unopened for an instant? Ah, *mon Dieu*, what would you? (shrug of the shoulders), it is that way with the men when they have in their hands what their hearts have desired. Also, at this moment the young man in question was

far from gentle thoughts of love—and Francine. Indeed, I am almost ashamed to tell you what was passing itself in his head.

"It is magnificent, *ce tintamarre*," he was thinking. "What an invention, this New York! It is really the last cry of the times. And to say that I am here, a part of it—I, Jacques Boutet! But I am an old inhabitant—two whole years—think, then. How it is different from my country!" He sighed while sipping his beer. Then, as if impelled by a desire for conversation, he called to his waiter, who was hovering near as waiters should do, and, turning to him, asked pleasantly, "Tell me, how long must one be in this country before one can vote?"

"I guess it's five years," answered the waiter doubtfully.

"Me, I wish to vote," said Jacques. "I wish for—how you say?—a right of citizens. It is fine things. The system, she is arrange well, *hein*? All have chances."

"So they say," replied the waiter.

"No matter. It is a principle," answered Jacques. "I like the system." He pounded the table as he had once seen a politician do. "It is tearing—ripping—how you say?" In pounding the table the letter fell. He picked it up, held it, and at last began to open it slowly, continuing meanwhile his reflections. "You finish never here," he said.

The waiter rubbed his nose, which was very red. "Can't afford to," he replied laconically.

Jacques did not answer. He was reading his letter. It was badly written and irresponsibly spelled, but as he read his brown eyes lighted joyously, and his mouth, beneath the brown, pointed mustache, curved itself into the smile of a *joli garçon* who is in love. When he had finished reading the letter he jumped from his chair.

"Funny people, the French," murmured the waiter as he moved off.

"The happiness! The happiness!" sang the heart of Jacques Boutet. Forgotten the voting, the systems; remembered the manifold charms of the light-songed, sweet-lipped Francine, she who was, after all, the smile of his days. Hanley's, the beer, the cigar, the atmosphere, seemed from that instant too gross to hold him and his letter, so, paying for his drink, he walked out. But the streets at the closing of the traffic hour seemed likewise too full, too clogged with the guttural noises of a big city. An instinct pushed him down-town.

"It is that," he thought, "I have not been there for a long time. Perhaps will they have forgotten me. It makes nothing. It must be, at this moment so happy, that I respire a little French air!"

So quickly, very quickly, he repaired himself to the Café Lamartine—a pool apart from the sea, that café, where fish of a kind can swim in French sauces and nibble at French bread.

Once there, in a corner, a little liqueur in front of him, he gave himself up to the pleasure of its degustation, while over his head floated the pensive afternoon aroma of a café taking its ease at the hour of lounging. Without reasoning, he felt the atmosphere of the place and its harmony with his present mood. His eyes became vague in dreams; he hummed a *café chantant* air and thrummed the table with his fingers. Then he smiled again, lighted a cigarette, and murmured, "The happiness," for when one is young and has a little Francine there is reason to smile. But it is also natural to wish to talk of that little Francine to some one sympathetic, so it was not long before he made a sign to Pierre.

Pierre was the head-waiter of the Café Lamartine, and I pray of you to believe that he was apart from other head-waiters. He was acquainted with every one; he knew everything. He was more than an autocrat of dishes; he was a friend to those who came to taste them. He possessed a philosophy, that Pierre, which held reflections for all occasions, from broken hearts to broken dishes. It was not, then, surprising that Jacques Boutet should make a sign to Pierre, or that Pierre, after winking to Madame Gobin, the stout cashier—as if to say, "Still another who will tell me his affairs"—should stroll innocently over to the young man and stand, the hands behind the back, the head bent a little to one side, a discreet smile upon the lips, waiting for his cue.

"*Eh bien*, Pierre, it is long that I have come here. How go the affairs?" began Jacques politely.

Pierre expanded his hands in a broad, comprehensive gesture. "*Mon Dieu*, Monsieur Jacques, one sees you nearly never now. You have become entirely American. For the affairs, they go as always—it varies seldom. And Monsieur? But I have no need to ask—Monsieur has the air radiant. He has good news, without doubt."

It commenced always this way. When his customers talked about his affairs he always knew that they wished to speak of themselves. It was a method which unrolled itself usually to perfection, being of a tact which precluded any vulgar suggestion of his (Pierre's) mixing in things which concerned him not at all. Also it led to satisfying ends.

"You have guessed it," said Jacques, stroking his mustache.

"Ah!" remarked Pierre, so delicately that he left in doubt a possible point of interrogation.

Pierre liked this young man, even if he did not altogether approve of him. He knew him well enough also. For a year now Jacques had frequented the café, from time to time, until in the eyes of Pierre he had served his *apprentissage*, and had entered the convivial class of the habitués. But Pierre, who held in horror an Americanized Frenchman, always shook his head when he saw Jacques. "What

would you?" he had confided to Madame Gobin. "That young man is of a too facile nature. He adapts himself to this country like a chicken to a pot."

At present, however, when the young man took a confidential behavior towards him, Pierre felt his heart softening, so he said, "Ah," and waited. Jacques had never talked really before to him as man to man.

"Yes," continued the latter now; "you have guessed it. I am expecting some one from Paris—some one I hold much upon seeing."

"Ah, Monsieur has a brother, then?" said Pierre, and his face was blank as that of a child:

Jacques touched the letter by his side. "*Mais non, mais non*, Pierre. I await a much more delicious morsel than that."

Pierre warmed visibly. He was familiar with that ground. "I am glad for Monsieur," he said.

"Here is a year I have not seen her," went on Jacques, and the crust of his new American reserve melted like snow beneath the sun of the smile which Pierre accorded him,—a smile which, by the way, had made flower many a five-franc piece.

"It is as I will tell you," cried Jacques joyously. "I said to Francine when I left her, '*Tiens*, my little one, when I shall have enough to live I shall send for you.' That consoled her, see you, for she loved me much, and I, too, loved her much. We did cry well, *allez*, when it was necessary to separate ourselves. But what would you? The Quartier is not paved with gold. Our bread had become stale, we sarg more often than we ate, and we had at last to tell each other *au revoir*. You will admit that I could not bring her here before I had tried my chance."

"And so she comes now," said Pierre, pouring out another glass of Dubonnet for the fortunate one.

"Figure to yourself, she has waited for me, poor child," went on Jacques. "She has only loved but me since she has loved at all. She has been working—yes, working, I repeat to you, at making paper flowers since I am gone. Think then, Francine, with her fingers so dainty, working. It is barbarous. But now I have made enough to keep us—the two. I was even able to send her money for the voyage. She writes me that she cries for joy at the thought of seeing me."

"Monsieur is fortunate to have found a rare woman," observed Pierre, looking idly over to the good Madame Gobin, who smiled amicably back at him.

"I think well, she is a pearl, that little one," said Jacques.

"Monsieur has good chance, then, that he can let the money go in such an agreeable manner?" questioned Pierre sociably.

"Not bad, not bad. This New York is a place extraordinary," responded Jacques, with enthusiasm. "*Mon Dieu*, I do not yet eat on gold plates, but *n'importe*, I hear of others who do, and it gives me an appetite. Me, you know I am a musician, and the musicians never live on their rents. Still, for the sake of Francine, I have saved a few *sous*."

"Where does Monsieur play?"

"I am a first violin in the Lyceum. I find myself well satisfied for the present. But that which encourages me above all is the enterprise, the business, the system which turns around me. Why, think, then"—he waved his arms in a circle—"think, then, of the money which passes hands every day, of the commerce which rolls by. It is overwhelming! It is *grandiose*! And consider the men also who grind the crank, *hein*?"

"You were saying, Monsieur," reminded Pierre gently, "that Mademoiselle is a pearl. The pearls, they are beautiful."

"Yes, it was apropos of Francine that I excited myself. Ah, she asks small things, that little one. She can live like a bird on crumbs. There is only one consideration which disquiets me. I do not know where to put her when she arrives."

"Monsieur has no place?" asked Pierre discreetly.

"It is a different question here," responded Jacques slowly. "I desire not to procure her a room where I live. It would be all the time whispers and talk and gossip, and do I know, me? Women have tongues when it is a matter of another woman—and a pretty one at that. It is that I shall be affianced to Francine"—Jacques leaned forward. "I have much changed," he said. "I have no longer the same idea. The little Francine will be happy when I tell her. But it must be that I find her a room at once."

"Monsieur will not marry, then, immediately?" suggested Pierre.

"No," said Jacques, sipping his little liqueur thoughtfully. "I have always formed myself the idea in the head that I should like to be affianced. It is the *hors d'œuvre* of marriage. Tell me, do you know by chance of lodgings where I could well entrust my Francine?"

"Ah, Monsieur, wait an instant," said Pierre, and he went over to Madame Gobin, whispered in her ear, and came back to the table. "I have just your affair," he announced.

"Ah, the happiness!" cried Jacques.

"Madame Gobin, the cashier, spoke to me the other day of a little room which she had near to hers. She will rent it to you for Mademoiselle, and you can be sure that Mademoiselle will find herself well there."

"What a chance!" said Jacques. "I thank you with all my

heart. I will talk of that to Madame Gobin." He rose and went quickly over to the desk. Pierre regarded him with a fine smile, then he stroked reflectively his chin. "The funny affair," he murmured. "Where has he been to find those ideas there? When a man reforms himself before the little woman he loves finds the opportunity, the things do not always work out. It is the woman who likes to be the first. But nevertheless, he is nice, that boy. We will see, we will see." For it was by the philosophy of waiting to see that Pierre had become wise.

Jacques was holding with Madame Gobin a spirited conversation. Standing one foot on the step leading up to her throne of cashier, he was talking animatedly, while the good Madame Gobin, the eyes softening, bore the expression of one exceptional feminine being listening to the praise of another. "See you," Jacques was saying, "the customs here are different, and I wish to conform with them. I desire to be affianced and married as it is fitting, but in waiting the little Francine must have a pillow upon which to lie her head, not so?"

Madame Gobin was thinking that he was really charming, this young man, but that it would be better if he made himself more *chic* before the little woman arrived. "Not even a drop of perfume on his handkerchief," she said to herself, sniffing. "Wait, either he will change all that or, *ma foi*, she will change it for him, but if she comes from Paris, and, more than that, from the Quartier,—*Sapristi*, I shall like to behold what will arrive when she sees him in that costume there." But out loud she said, "Very surely, Monsieur, it can arrange itself. I shall be happy to have the little Mademoiselle with me. Oh, only a small compensation, Monsieur, a few francs a week. I do not those things for money. Thank you, Monsieur. Yes, Monsieur. As you say, Monsieur. Next week? *Bien*, Monsieur."

Pierre, who had watched them from the corner of an unoccupied eye, addressed his napkin pensively. "She has, all the same, a big heart, that Madame Gobin."

When Jacques Boutet left the café at last, followed by the looks, a little amused, of Pierre and Madame Gobin, he said to himself, kissing the letter of Francine, "They are good, those people there. After all, one returns at moments of joy or sorrow to one's compatriots," and as he walked along he commenced to dream, something which, moreover, America had taught him not to indulge in too often.

What a difference there was between Francine and those other women! He closed his eyes, and on the instant she was before him—a little woman who looked as if she had stepped from out a pink candle-shade. He heard her laughing, and her laughter was like the sound of dancing music; he heard her cry, and a lump rose in his throat at even the echo of a passing sorrow in her fragile soul—the

little Francine, who swayed in every passing breeze, but who stood so staunchly, nevertheless, on her slender stem of love for him. When they had first met they had loved, and off they had gone, arm in arm, down the flowering path in the city of children and joy and light hearts—down the Boulevards where everything had seemed bright and soft, where all eyes had seemed to say, "*Allez, mes enfants, amusez vous bien.*" But it had been so simple, to be young together!

Now he knew better—oh, yes, he knew better, and Jacques Boutet sighed. Francine should come to this country, which was still itself a child, perhaps, but which was, nevertheless, so much more grown-up than any other—a child, rather, of mercilessly organized ambition, of system, of all the words, indeed, which Jacques had heard from the men standing on street corners or over hotel bars—the words which represented the very vertebrae of the great city's spine. They did not seem so vital now, somehow, with the little Francine smiling behind his shoulder. He could almost hear her say, "Ah, là là, what makes it to me, all of that?" She, who could sing "*Viens Poupoule*" over the grave of a labor problem. The poor child, would she understand this life into which he was projecting her—this world of the earnest, unimaginative middle class—the Tullers, for instance, where he boarded? He found himself smiling at the thought of Francine and the Tullers together. Ah, but it might not be so amusing as that. There would be need of discretion. That little French tongue of Francine, dancing tiptoe over all the joys of her bird-wing life! He reflected that she knew just enough English to get into trouble. She had learned it with him, when he had first thought of coming to this country. Such a nice young American, a student of the Quartier, had taught them for nothing—and how he had delighted in the droll pronunciation of Francine!

He asked of himself if she would bring Cri Cri, the yellow bird in the yellow cage—"a little singing sun," Francine called him; and she sometimes added, "When Cri Cri sings no more it will be finished with me."

At last he rose from the bench where he had been sitting during these reflections, and slowly turned towards Waverly Place. Decidedly he must go home. It was near the end of his vacation, too, for the orchestra commenced its rehearsals the next week, and there would then be no more time for dreams. Yes, he was approaching again the regular beat of work, the regular call of the hours. His heart swelled excitedly at the thought of the lights, the tuning up of discordant instruments, the shuffle and stir of the audience, and he saw Francine smiling at him from the front row. He settled himself contentedly in his rough American clothes, put his hands in his pockets, and started whistling "My Blackberry Baby," the song success of the

season; but, strangely enough, before he had walked very far, he found himself humming "*Viens Poupoule*," and his eyes, if you could have seen them in the light of a corner street lamp, were not the eyes of an American—ah, *Sapristi, non, ma petite Francine*.

II.

THE Tuller family and Edward Darling were sitting on the front door-step that evening. It was their hour of recreation, when Mr. Tuller, a dull white-shirted smear in the background, could balance himself comfortably on the two legs of a chair, leaning against the wall, and Mrs. Tuller, a woman of tired fingers, who "dressmaked" all the day, could remain for a brief space of blessed inactivity, her hands in her lap, and look sociably down the street, while Emmeline Tuller and her young man, Edward Darling, sat on the bottom steps and conversed in carefully lowered voices.

Emmeline was the Tuller excuse for existence. She was the complacent reason for Mrs. Tuller's sewing herself to an exhausted thread and Mr. Tuller's recent uselessness, for he, Mr. Tuller, was at present in a beery reaction after having exerted himself as a laboring man at one time to put his daughter through school. Her education completed, he had permitted himself a brief period of repose, which had unconsciously lengthened into the habit of rest. It was astonishing how simple the problem of living could become. It was now, therefore, Mrs. Tuller's turn to supply Emmeline, in the course of progress, with the necessary demands of her refinement. Edward Darling was evidently to be the reward for all this bringing-up of their child, and certainly Edward Darling was a superior man—a hotel clerk, indeed.

He and Emmeline sat primly now beneath the wandering eye of the Tuller parents. The season was in Edward's favor. It was August, his hours of clerkship were mild, accommodating ones, and the door-step beneath an occasional moon was infinitely more agreeable than the parlor, where during the cooler months a few boarders gathered languidly after supper, preferring even one another's company to the solitude of the stuffy rooms. Of these boarders at present, however, only Jacques Boutet remained.

This particular evening he had not appeared at the hour of cold meat and tea, and, furthermore, he was inexplicably late in returning to the door-step. The Tullers, through an undisputed knowledge of his habits, could eliminate most of the logical causes for his absence. He was not playing at the theatre, that was certain; nor was he off roistering with undesirable acquaintances. A slight, as yet unexpressed, curiosity crept into the air. The nervous fingers of Emmeline patted and twisted at all the little punctuation-points of her

person—her light yellow pompadour, her coral necklace, the lace on the elbow sleeves of her white shirtwaist, the gun-metal buckle on her black elastic belt.

"Mr. Booty" (she pronounced it "Booty") "is late," she said at last, voicing a prevalent feeling. The question of Jacques Boutet's lateness was not so much a matter of heart as of vanity with this young person. She was of those women who deck themselves in ribbons for all the race of man. Very surely Edward Darling one of these days would—but how vague it was! In the meanwhile, she felt that she could afford to wait. There must be something strangely attractive about her. She had only to lift her little finger to get any one she wanted. With which innocent conviction, she remained complacently content until indeed a rare something happened to distract her, as, for instance, Jacques Boutet's being late when he had many reason for being early—chief among them her promise to show him her collection of postal-cards that evening. Edward Darling would be there, too, naturally. Had he not looked over the postals more than once, upon just such occasions?

Receiving no reply to her obvious statement, she went on almost spitefully, "Frenchmen are queer, are n't they, Mr. Darling?" Edward Darling bit off the end of his cigar. "I've heard so, Miss Emmeline," he said.

"Of course," went on Emmeline Tuller honestly, "I've never known any except Mr. Booty, but I'm sure they're all alike. I must say, though, they're certainly just lovely to us ladies. Mr. Booty, now——" Emmeline paused and fluffed her hair with conscious fingers, and Mr. Darling remarked softly: "Well, I guess he's with somebody else this evening, Miss Emmeline." Emmeline flared unmistakably. "What's that to me? But he is n't," she added positively.

Just then Mrs. Tuller, whose mind and gaze had been wandering up the street, whispered, "Say, Emmie, here he comes now."

Then Emmeline rose, poked her belt down, and leaned carelessly against the stone railing. She figured that the lamp-light would fall upon her face and reveal to the approaching one the rows of careful waves in her hair. She also figured that Edward Darling, at her feet, would get the long, clinging effect of her black cloth skirt and the bewildering white of her shirtwaist, topping it like whipped cream.

Jacques Boutet came on whistling joyously, and in his heart was the song of the little Francine. Of a sudden he saw a dark blur on the familiar doorstep ahead of him, and for an instant a quick irritation gave to his whistled notes a sharp acid point. "The deuce!" he told himself. "Can one never go out or enter in without finding this sacred family blocking the doorway?" "*Viens Poupoule*" died on the instant, and silently he neared his lodgings.

There was Emmeline as she had planned, standing out clear-starched in the street light, bearing the disengaged expression of one who gazes indifferently over the heads of mankind. Jacques surveyed her pleasantly. Women were good to him, at that moment, where the world itself had the dimpling face of a woman, and the very atmosphere was alive with the frou-frou of skirts. They were all of them delicious creatures, those soft feminine beings, little loves, in fact. But as he saw Emmeline, he could not help noticing that there were no subtle lines to her, no daring pouts to her mouth. "She is any way stiff, that one," Jacques thought, and he felt himself cold at the idea of recounting the arrival of Francine—for on one side he longed to confide to them all, as he had confided to Pierre, but on the other hand something held him back. There was not in the manner of those Americans that sentiment so spontaneous, so comprehensive, which should surround youth and love like a fine gauze. They had the fingers hard. They would tear away the light pink covering of his emotions. *Mon Dieu!* what would you?—he felt it. However, he would be obliged to tell them a little, enough to explain Francine when she arrived, for he desired that she should find good friends—respectable friends—to teach her the America as it had been taught to him. Innocently he dreamed of Emmeline Tuller as a preceptor of the American etiquette to his Francine!

So he decided he would confide to them only what was necessary about the little French woman, and trust that Emmeline, since she had informed him of the correct customs, would also instruct them to his fiancée. The word pleased him—his fiancée! He rolled it on his tongue like a sugared *marron*. Then he swallowed it slowly and saluted the Tuller family as he approached them. "Good evening," he said. "Mesdames, Messieurs." The stiff American suit accommodated itself heavily to his bows.

Emmeline looked sweetly down on him. "You're late, Mr. Booty," she remarked.

"Ah, Mademoiselle," he hastened to say, "I pray you to pardon me. It is my loss, when you also promise me to—— But see you"—he shrugged his shoulders apologetically. "The hour advanced itself without my perceiving it. I am really stupid."

Emmeline smiled graciously. She liked his accent, the funny roll to his r's; she liked his bows, she liked him to call her "Mademoiselle." As he spoke it, "Mademoiselle" became a title. Her Americanism evaporated unaccountably before this word. "Sit right down by me," she said, resuming her former position on the stoop by Mr. Darling, and pointing to the other side. It pleased her to sit between two men.

Jacques Boutet took out a cigarette. "You permit?" he asked.

Edward Darling never observed this particular form of politeness about his everlasting cigars, and Emmeline, as she replied, "Of course, Mr. Booty," remarked the point with fastidious pleasure. "He knows what's what," she thought, and made up her mind to suggest a like courtesy to Edward Darling when a chance should arrive.

"How go the affairs of Monsieur?" demanded Jacques of Mr. Darling. Mr. Darling, who always felt monosyllabic in the presence of this Frenchman, and who, uncharitably perhaps, disliked him for it, answered shortly, "So-so." But Emmeline did not intend to allow the conversation to slip beyond her reach. She leaned forward now, and wagged her forefinger playfully in front of Jacques' eyes. "I'm afraid, Mr. Booty," she said, "that you've been up to mischief somewhere this evening."

"Me, Mademoiselle? What an idea!" exclaimed Jacques.

"Don't you begin teasing Mr. Booty, Emmy," cried the heretofore quiet Mrs. Tuller. "There are other girls in the world, I guess, that he can spend his evenings with." Emmeline cast a furious look at her offending parent.

There was a short silence. Then Jacques spoke. "I have something to tell you, my friends," he said.

Emmeline stopped toying with her bangle and looked up quickly.

"I come from receiving news—good news," continued Jacques, and as he talked he became excited. "A little friend of mine comes from Paris here to join me. We will be—we are, how you say, occupied? We shall marry ourselves on the first day of the year. I throw myself upon your friendship to be good for her. She will be strange here, the little one. Ah, I am happy as a king! Felicitate me! Figure to yourself, since a year I have not seen her. And you"—he cried, turning to Emmeline—"you have learned me so many things—you will tell her too—yes? And you"—he turned to Mrs. Tuller—"you will be a little *mère* to her, dear Madame, not so? She is young yet, she has need of counsel." He stopped suddenly. There was an unresponsive sensation in the air. He had gone too swiftly; they had not understood him. What people, *mon Dieu*, who retired themselves like frightened animals at the first touch of emotion! And Emmeline—who sat now quiet, without smiles; and Mrs. Tuller, slowly grasping the sense of his words; and Mr. Tuller, who slept on; and that imbecile of a Darling—what a name, *grand Dieu*!—who had an expression of wood! Would they never speak? Ah, there at last was Mademoiselle Emmeline addressing him.

"I did n't know you were engaged," she was saying.

"It is long times now," he observed softly. Suddenly Mr. Tuller roused himself, and his voice, thick and sneery, came from the dark recesses of the door. "You're a sly dog," it chuckled.

"Well," said Mrs. Tuller, "I'm sure I'm glad if you are. Every one's got a right to their own business, and you know yours best. As far as I can, I'm sure I'll do my best to make the young lady feel at home."

"I thank you a thousand times, Madame, but I have arrange for her a room at the house of some French peoples. If you permit, I shall bring her to see you. And you, Mademoiselle, who are so sweet, so gracious, you will also be nice to her?" He turned almost appealingly to Emmeline.

"Why, yes," she said coldly. "Tell us about her, Mr. Booty."

It was the question he had dreaded. "*Eh bien*, she is *petite*, Mademoiselle" (Emmeline was tall); "she has the eyes like wings of a blue-bird, the——"

"Mercy, Mr. Booty!" interrupted Emmeline, "what I want to know—is her mother living?"

"She is orphans," returned Jacques.

"Poor soul!" sighed Mrs. Tuller perfunctorily. "Then who's bringing her over here?"

"But no one," cried Jacques. "I shall have care for her, not so?" He saw Emmeline stiffen reproachfully, and her lack of response made him feel troubled and unhappy, for Emmeline had constituted herself for a long time the social standard of Jacques. She represented easily, of all those whom he knew in America, the one who was the most elegant, and he had never disputed himself over her rules of conduct.

"We must see," he said, all the joy departed from his voice, and, without daring to trust himself to speak further of the little Francine, he bowed politely and said good-night. As he went up the stairs he shook his head—Francine with these people: Francine, who would arrive alone, with only Cri Cri as company; Francine, who had loved him so loyally, without question. He fell asleep that night holding tight to her letter. "It is a great country for the affairs," he told himself, "but for the little women—no—there is too much of formality. Yet all the same, though I understand of it nothing, I admire it in a certain way, for it has surely a system—*que Diable*—in love as in business."

Emmeline did not sleep. Already she distrusted this strange element in her hitherto unruffled importance. "There's no use," she thought. "Mr. Booty's *not* the gentleman I thought he was—being so sneaky about that woman. Anyhow, Mr. Darling would never have done such a thing. He's what I call a serious-minded man, and Mr. Booty——" Emmeline raised her eyebrows, adjusted a starched ruffle of her night-gown, touched lightly a curl paper, and turned out the gas.

III.

THE big ship slowly approached the dock—a stolid monster of a ship, with hundreds of port-holed eyes looking like round, glistening spectacles in the sun, and an excited assemblage of passengers stamping about on its smooth back. It was a come and go, a clumping and clattering of feet, a sliding of ropes, banging of trunks, chatter of people, waving of hands, shaking of hands, laughs of pleasure, expressions of regret—*mon Dieu*, one knows well what it is to land a steamer.

In the middle of all this noise, like the E string of a violin which has been touched a long while ago and is still quivering, was the little Francine. She held herself not tranquil for one instant. From corner to corner of the deck she crept and fluttered and danced, asking always in pretty broken English questions of the officers, the sailors—any one who could stop long enough to answer them: “Is it one arrives?” “Is it this big thing America?” “Do they permit friends to meet one?”

Every one smiled at her, this little Francine, even if they had no time to answer her questions, for she was very *mignonne* and seductive, and that particular morning she had put on her dress of fête days. In her hands she carried a yellow cage, which shone as if it were really gold, and in the cage was a yellow bird—Cri Cri, of course. Constantly she addressed herself to him. “*Veux tu te tenir tranquille, petit animal cheri?*” she kept saying, for Cri Cri was beating his wings about and scrabbling seeds and chirping as if he divined the occasion of this excitement. “We will see him soon now, Cri Cri,” she dimpled. “*Tiens*, he will be waiting. *Ciel*, what happiness!”

It happened that it was one of those last days of August, when everything remained drenched in a thick, drizzling humidity. There was no curl, so to speak, to New York. Furthermore, it had become cold in a wet, penetrating way. Even the tall buildings seemed to have enveloped themselves in the gray fog, and to be hugging tightly their walls around them as if for the sake of warmth. Francine in her pretty light dress, with the *chic* red bow at her throat, and the coquettish red toque with the feather, became a trifle limp and forlorn, commenced to feel the cold. She possessed a nature of blue skies, the little one, and she shivered now in this damp atmosphere. Cri Cri also began to shiver, until Francine put a yellow silk scarf over his cage, but over herself she put nothing, for, to tell the truth, her one coat was of rough material, not pretty enough to go with the dress. So she sighed, shivered again, and told herself, “Cold or not cold, foolish one, you shall present yourself to Jacques as he shall like to see you.”

At last the boat came so near that one could see distinctly the crowd at the dock. They resembled a theatre of marionettes, that crowd—agitating with little wooden gestures, flags and handkerchiefs, and bobbing up and down as if a large invisible hand were manipulating them. Francine, pressed against the deck railing as Cri Cri was pressed against his cage, hunted with big eager eyes for the beloved visage of her Jacques. Everything seemed to her enormous, overwhelming. Was this great smileless cloud, which had the air so menacing, New York? She could just discern its giant arms pointing sternly up through the mist, and she had, of a sudden, fear. She longed to hide her face in something warm. Then she saw in an obscure corner of that mass of strange faces a rough smudge of a man, pushed by those behind him nearly into the dirty water beneath. He seemed all arms and legs. He was waving a tiny French flag. Francine looked and looked. Yes—no—yes—ah, *grand Dieu*, it was Jacques! Crying aloud, she placed Cri Cri beside her on the deck and jumped up and down like a child who is about to be given sweets. Hardly could she wait. The French flag!—it was home. She was no longer terrified; only clinging to Cri Cri and her sack of voyage, she ran forward to the gang-plank and pressed to the front, the very first of those who wished to land. A crunch—a grind—the boat touched. A rush like water sweeping over stones, and the tide of people poured itself out over the dock.

Francine was pushed and carried on by the impetus of those behind her. She felt herself powerless, dragged almost off her feet. Her red toque tipped rakishly on one side of her little head, but she could not put it straight again, for she was holding desperately the cage of Cri Cri. Ah, at last! They crowded her over the plank, on to the dock, to the very arms of Jacques—of Jacques who was waiting for her. Then a moment ecstatic, one note drowning out all the clamor of the outside world, and it was done. Francine and Jacques had found each other again. There was Francine who cried, Jacques who laughed; they looked each other in the eyes. "You are not changed, my little bird!" exclaims Jacques. "You are the same dear, dear Jacques," sobs Francine. And then she looks again. But what was different about her Jacques?—he was always so elegant. How was he dressed in those horrors of clothes, and his hair, which had been so long and soft, cut now tight to his head. She would ask him later—later when they should be alone together. For the present she was content enough to see that his eyes were the same, smiling at her, loving her.

"Rest here, dear one," said Jacques, "and I will arrange your affairs." Obediently she sat on her little sack of voyage, held Cri Cri, and watched Jacques as he flew about, speaking so quickly, waving

his hands, appearing to know just what to do. She felt herself confused with the wonder of beholding Jacques so much at home in this strange country, where she seemed so lost, so little. Jacques too, who had never been able to arrange practical affairs before. She remembered him when he had left, vague-eyed, timid, quiet, and here he was running about like a man of business, commanding attention. She was also, quite unreasonably, a trifle piqued that he could think of baggage when she was at last near him; that he could indeed leave her, even for an instant. She could not explain it to herself, but she did not like to hear him speak English as easily as he was doing. *Enfin*, it would be well when they started off alone together, happy as children, arm in arm. Of the city outside this big damp dock, upon which there were piled nothing but trunks, Francine hardly thought. They would walk to their rooms, probably; she would make tea for herself and Jacques; they would talk until their tongues dropped off, and it would be the commencement of a life rose-color. First of all, she would need to mend his clothes,—poor Jacques! It was probably because he had no one to sew on the buttons that he had been obliged to buy the costume which looked as if the buttons never could come off. Then she would cook for him. Surely the cuisine was barbarous of this country, although he had written her about many strange dishes which she could enjoy. Yes, there would be much to do. And their Sundays—the days of fête—there would be “piqueniques,” no doubt, as in the old times. Francine sighed happily. She had comforted herself, reassured herself, in the memory of the joyous days that were passed. Unfortunately, however, during these reveries she had been growing chilled. It was a weather of the devil! She rose and ran to Jacques, who was fussing importantly over her one little trunk. “Come, then, Jacquot,” she whispered. “It is that I do not like it here.”

“Yes, yes, soon, *chérie*,” replied Jacques. As he promised, very soon he took her arm, lifted the sack of voyage, and started for the street. Francine carried Cri Cri. But Jacques, who had been regarding the cage from the corner of his eye, stopped of a sudden and said in a perplexed voice, “Every one will stare at us with that bird.”

Francine looked at him amazed. “And if they do,” she answered, “what makes it to me? I like it that they should me regard.”

“Oh, *chérie*,” cried Jacques, “it is different here. It is not nice for ladies to be stared at.”

Francine laughed, her most adorable laugh. “But I am not a lady, *Dieu merci*. I am only your little Francine.”

Jacques wrinkled his eyebrows. “What an incorrigible!” he said, smiling. “Come, then, we will take a carriage for once.”

"But the expense?" remonstrated Francine prudently.

"You do not arrive every day from Paris, *mon chou*," returned Jacques.

Once installed in a hansom, which Francine consented to enter only after many little cries and protestations against the strange conveyance, she cuddled up to him, and, with her pretty face aflame with tenderness, said, "Jacquot, but I am happy. Where do we live?"

The moment had come. Jacques took one of the restless little hands in his and spoke gently: "I have arranged for you a little room, *chérie*, with a woman who will care well for you."

"But you, Jacquot—you?" asked Francine, her big eyes looking at him.

"I, *chérie*? I lodge, as I wrote you, with the family Tuller. Listen to me, child dear—I have a surprise for you. We are affianced. We are to be married the first of the year." He had not meant to explain it all as quickly as that, but it had slipped out under the gaze of Francine, so puzzled and half afraid.

"But why, Jacquot, why?" she kept repeating like a child.

"See you, Francine, my treasure," continued Jacques firmly. "I did not write you of this because I was afraid you might not understand. Things are different here in this America. The ideas are not the same. When one loves a little woman like you, one becomes affianced for a time and then one marries her."

"Like the *bourgeois*?" asked Francine, in a very small voice which contained a touch of tears. She seemed so young, so bewildered—she did not even turn to notice the streets they were passing; she looked only at Jacques, holding tight to his hand with her damp, gloveless one. Jacques felt his heart contract. *Mon Dieu*, how he loved her! "Like every one who has the heart sincere," he said gravely. "You understand, perhaps, Francine—I understand; but the world, it does not. Since we are to live here, it must well be that we adapt ourselves, *chérie*."

"But you love me still," persisted Francine.

"If I love you—if I love you!" cried Jacques. "I adore you. I have thought of nothing but you. I have waited, the heart beating, for this day."

Francine smiled. "I understand only that," she said. "But, *tiens*, I hold the idea, let us marry now—to-day."

"Be reasonable, my dove," answered Jacques. "To remain fiancée for a time will be so amusing. Madame Gobin, who will care for you, you will love. She is French like ourselves."

"And you will teach me how to do here?" asked Francine. "I know nothing, I understand nothing. I arrive. I throw myself in your arms, and you tell me these things which are new to me. Per-

haps it will be nice to be married—yes, decidedly, I wish to be married now—but, Jacquot, I am afraid to remain alone with this Madame—Gobin. How do I know me if she will like me? Is she young, pretty?”

“*Non, ma chérie,*” laughed Jacques. “She is old.”

“Ah!” exclaimed the little Francine, straightening her red toque. “Perhaps I shall love her.”

The rest of the drive was an indescribable excitement. Francine, with the light nature of a child, cast her fears and doubts far from her. Jacques, radiant, showed her the big, wonderful city, feeling himself to have attained the perfect joy of his dreams. There was in his attitude the gratified importance of a man superior, who conducts, shows, explains, a marvel to the woman who adores him. It was exclamations: “See, then, this!” “Look me that!” “Ah, *là là*, but it is monstrous!” Francine uncovered Cri Cri, put his cage on the top of the hansom door, and addressed him playfully:

“Look, Cri Cri, one is tiny, not so?—you and me—one is a little nothing—a little pinch of a bird, Cri Cri. You can sing your throat dry and no one will hear you, not so?” And Cri Cri, clinging to his round wooden bar, closed one round eye thoughtfully and shook his yellow feathers.

At last they arrived at the door of Madame Gobin—on Sixteenth Street near Third Avenue. Madame Gobin waited for them, the good creature. It was not, fortunately, her hour to be at the café. The sight of Francine, as Jacques helped her from the carriage, brought a smile to the face of the excellent cashier. She loved well pretty women. “*Elle est gentille, comme tout, la petite,*” she told herself, and then she added, without reason, “*Pauvre amour.*” Francine, when she beheld that smile so hospitable, so warm, turned to Jacques and said, “Yes, I love her already.” Then every one talked at once. Madame Gobin showed them with pride the little room of Francine—such a nice little room, clean and white as a new five-franc piece. There was just place for Francine and Cri Cri. The room of Madame Gobin was on the floor below. “I hope you will not be lonely, my dear,” said Madame Gobin. “Unhappily, it must be that I stay at the Lamartine every night until twelve, but you will see, you will find yourself well here.”

“You have already an invitation for supper, *chérie,*” announced Jacques proudly.

“Shall we not go out to supper together?” asked Francine.

“Yes, but it will be to the family Tuller. I wish to present you to them,” explained Jacques.

“And there is a Mademoiselle Tuller—yes? You wrote me of her, I remember.”

"You will like her, I hope, my little one," said Jacques.

"Does she resemble Madame Gobin?"

"No, not at all. She is American, you know."

"Ah!"

Jacques was not satisfied with that "Ah!" "She is very *comme il faut*," he persisted. "You will see."

Francine turned to Cri Cri, who was already installed in his corner. "You hear, Cri Cri," she said. "This young lady, this Mademoiselle Tuller, is an American who is *comme il faut*." Then she put her arms around Jacques. "I do not know if I love this American and your family Tuller," she said, "but, *Ciel*, how I love you, Jacquot!" Tears came to her eyes, but she brushed them away and began dancing around him. Madame Gobin, who had been discreetly looking out of the window, turned now and beamed at her.

"*C'est ça*," she said. "I like, me, to see you gay."

"*Viens Poupoule*," sang Francine. "Do you remember, you, Jacquot, our song? '*Quand j'entends des chansons*'—tra la la. Cri Cri, sing too." And Cri Cri stretched his little neck, put his little beak in the air, and sang too.

Jacques, who was smiling happily, looked of a sudden at his watch. "But we must go to supper, *chérie*," he cried. "We shall be late."

"What makes it to me?" dimpled Francine. She had no longer fear of this America.

"They would not be pleased," said Jacques.

So off they went—waving back to Madame Gobin. Francine trotted by the side of Jacques, holding her skirts as a little Parisian does, and gesticulating with one hand. "Listen, *chérie*," said Jacques, as they neared Waverly Place, "be discreet, not so? If they ask you questions, do not recount your life. They would hardly understand the ways of the Quartier—see you?"

Francine made big eyes. "Will they, then, ask questions?" she said. "What makes it to them where I come from?"

"They are like all women—curious," observed Jacques brilliantly. "But you will not permit them to satisfy that curiosity."

"If it is that way—a thousand times no," cried Francine, and in her eyes there came a wicked little sparkle. "Do you remember how, when that animal of a Hortense teased me about you, I nearly scratched her eyes out?"

"Oh, *chérie*!" exclaimed Jacques, alarmed. "That was well in the Quartier, but for the love of Heaven and of me be angry, if it is necessary, with your tongue, not with your nails. Do not fight, I supplicate of you. No one shall tease you here."

Francine shrugged her shoulders. "It is really funny," she mur-

mured, "funny. But, Jacquot, we will be happy, all the same. Yes? Say yes!"

And Jacques said, "Yes."

IV.

SUPPER was ready at the Tullers'. In fact, supper had been ready for twenty minutes. The cold lamb lay in reproachful, cheerless slabs on its faded blue dish, the hot water boiled fussily in its copper kettle, and the prunes floated drearily around in their sea of syrup. Emmeline, in a frilly shirtwaist, with a pink bow in her hair, ran her thumb up and down her thin gold chain as she stood looking out of the window. Edward Darling, who had been bidden to this party, sat gravely on the red plush best chair and stared at an engraving of Lincoln, hanging opposite him on a feverish wall-paper. Mr. Tuller dozed over the evening paper, and Mrs. Tuller rocked monotonously, her hands in her lap. "I thought it would be this way," remarked Emmeline at last. "From all I've read, you never can depend on French women. They're worse than the men. Mercy!"—as she flattened her nose against the window-pane—"I do believe they're coming!"

Mr. Darling rose with suspicious alacrity and strolled over to the window. Mrs. Tuller followed him.

"My, she's furrin-looking," observed Mrs. Tuller excitedly. "That's a nice cut skirt she's got on."

Francine trotted still happily by the side of her Jacques. She was talking with dainty little gestures. Once she let her skirt drop, grasped the arm of Jacques with both hands, and looked up into his face. "Mercy!" said Emmeline again, who was watching them. "She certainly don't know how to behave in the street." Emmeline was glad that this was so. Already she felt herself superior to the French woman. As she came forward to meet them, her manner grew consciously patronizing. Francine held tight to Jacques, but her eyes, like the eye of an observing bird, travelled quickly from face to face. If she had expected to find here smiles such as those of Madame Gobin, she was immediately disillusionized, for the Tuller greeting was too conscious of itself to be cordial. Emmeline, as usual the main figure in the family group, had immediately assumed her most genteel party air, which, it must be confessed, was hardly hospitable. She put out one stiff hand now. "How d' you do, Miss——?" She paused an appreciable second. Jacques had not yet told them the last name of Francine. Indeed, no one had ever called her by it. In Paris, it was just Francine, or, more formally, Mademoiselle. For one nervous moment now, Francine could not even remember it herself. Then Jacques said, "Mademoiselle Barrault." "Miss Barrow," continued Emmeline.

"Enchanted, Mademoiselle," answered the little Francine, smiling prettily.

"Miss Barrow, I want you to know Mrs. Tuller, Mr. Tuller, and Mr. Darling," went on Emmeline. She liked introducing people. She felt that she was at her best during such social civilities. The Tullers bowed formally, but Mr. Darling murmured his acknowledgment of the occasion with an unwonted smoothness to his voice, which made Emmeline glance at him quickly. Francine responded gratefully to this one note of warmth in her reception. She looked up at him innocently.

"Your name, it is Darling—yes?" she said, dimpling. "It is nice name, Darling. *Ca veut dire chéri*, not so?" Mr. Darling, although he did not understand the French part of this warm recognition, found himself nevertheless pleasantly affected. In the meantime, the Tuller family stood in the background, looking detached and awkward. Emmeline's lips were pursed primly. She had always been particularly careful to avoid any reference to the tender name of her admirer. Jacques was plainly troubled. He wanted them to like his Francine, but somehow she appeared, even to him, strangely out of place in the Tuller parlor. It must be that she should adapt herself more.

During the first part of supper every one was ill at ease. Francine looked with distaste at the table, which by this time had blossomed out with hot bread, potatoes, and vegetables, besides the cold lamb and prunes. "*Mon Dieu*, does one eat all that!" she thought to herself. She found herself sitting between Mr. Tuller and Emmeline—Jacques opposite. Why could n't she sit by Jacques, she asked herself unhappily. Jacques commenced immediately to talk to Emmeline, and Francine felt strangely lonely as she tried to understand what he was saying.

Emmeline spoke mincingly. The nasal sound of her voice grated on the musical ears of Francine. She also imagined that Mr. Tuller was looking at her coldly, and that Mrs. Tuller had a nervous air. Of all these strange people, only Mr. Darling with his kind face, which, however, looked as if it had never had a chance to assume its own natural expression, seemed sympathetic. In the middle of these reflections, Emmeline turned to her. "How d' you like America, Miss Barrow?" she asked formally.

"But," said Francine, with her bewildering smile, "I have just arrive. It is nice, I think."

"Is it anything like Paris?" inquired Mr. Darling sociably.

"Heavens, *non!*" cried Francine. Then she caught Jacques looking at her, and she stopped short.

"Paris is a grand city, is n't it?" questioned Mrs. Tuller.

"It is *magnifique*, beautiful," said Francine simply.

"I hear you're an orphan," continued Mrs. Tuller, settling firmly down to business.

"Orph'n?" repeated Francine, puzzled. "What is it, then, this orph'n, Jacquot?"

"*Orpheline, chérie*," explained Jacques.

"Yes," said Francine; "orph'n, when I was little child."

"Have you no family?" from Emmeline.

"No family, only Jacques," said Francine.

"How long have you been engaged?" continued Emmeline.

Francine looked at Jacques again. "I understand not," she said, shaking her head. She was growing angry at these questions, coming one after the other.

"Engaged," repeated Emmeline. "Before being married, you know."

"Oh, how long we love? Always, since we meet," replied Francine triumphantly. There was an embarrassed pause. The Tullers did not consider such a show of emotions decent. Meanwhile, Francine, who had formed an idea in her little head, turned to Emmeline. "You engage, too?" she asked. "You love, too? All young girls do love, not so, here like in Paris?" She thought, the little Francine, to approach the two cities with that common bond. Emmeline's eyebrows raised themselves like bowstrings, her face flushed slowly. No, really, this was too mortifying. Before Mr. Darling, of all people! She flashed a glance across at Jacques, as if to say, "Poor man!" and Francine saw the glance, although Jacques did not.

"Here we don't discuss things like that, right out," she remarked to Francine. Mrs. Tuller nodded approval, and Jacques wriggled uncomfortably.

"No?" Francine shrugged her shoulders. "Not things so simple like that? But why?"

Then Jacques interfered. He leaned over and addressed Emmeline. "I wish to show Francine the things interesting here. What is your advice, Mademoiselle, where to take her first?" Francine felt herself hot and miserable. She had displeased Jacques. Yes, she could see, by the way he would not smile at her. She hated this woman who gave herself airs. The Americans were not good, not kind. She was far from stupid, the little Francine. She saw well things as they were, and she said to herself, "Wait, then, Mademoiselle. It is your fault that Jacques is vexed with me."

At last the supper was finished. Mr. Tuller, who had not opened his mouth except to fill it with food, threw himself on the sofa and lighted his pipe. Every one else repaired to the door-step. Francine stopped in the hall and stood tiptoe in front of a mirror hanging

there—a mirror which Emmeline was always careful to pass with ostentatious indifference—when any one was looking. Now Francine most indelicately stood in front of it and fixed a curl which had strayed from its place. Emmeline swept by her. Then came Jacques. Francine tried to detain him. “Jacquot,” she said piteously, “kiss me.”

“*Chérie*, what takes you?” answered Jacques. “Do you not see you are among different people? I supplicate of you, be more discreet.”

“But how can I, Jacquot? I do not understand,” said Francine, with a little sob in her throat. Mr. Darling came up behind them just then, and Francine, seeing him, released the arm of Jacques and began to speak very fast, almost recklessly. “Monsieur—Darling,” she cried, “does one never call you ‘darling,’ all short, without the Monsieur?”

“I—I—no one ever has,” admitted Mr. Darling, bending a mild eye on Francine. She was a new type to him, this little creature, with her impulsive gestures and soft voice. He liked her. He sat down beside her now on the door-step. Emmeline was very angry at what she felt was his desertion. She motioned Jacques to her side. Mrs. Tuller remained alone.

Jacques, sitting beside Emmeline, found himself vaguely miserable. The evening was not going so well as he had hoped. He wished that Emmeline would make some remark about his little Francine which he could answer, but Emmeline did not mention Francine. She talked instead unendingly of her postal cards, and a ball she was going to the next week. At last Jacques could hold himself no longer. He asked her if she did not think Francine pretty. Well, she could n’t judge, she answered. The idea of what was pretty must be different in France, but yes, she supposed Francine *was* attractive. Her voice being purposely reticent, Jacques urged her to say more. Then she told him she felt that she really ought to warn him (as a friend) to repress Francine just a little. “Of course,” continued Emmeline, “if you ask my opinion, she is what I call too *extreme*.” Emmeline liked the sound of the word, and so she repeated it. “Too extreme,” she said. Jacques looked around. Francine was smiling at Mr. Darling. The red bow glowed at her throat, her little hands twinkled in and out of her lap. To tell the truth, she was not as light-hearted as she seemed to be. She did not want Jacques to talk with that big “grenadier,” as she already called Emmeline to herself. The steps, everybody on them, the damp street, the heavy houses, and the lights, all smothered her. Also Mr. Darling, at the end, bored her.

“Ah, Mademoiselle, if you would but tell her—help her to know the ways American—as you have been so good to me,” he said.

"I'll see what I can do"—Emmeline was gazing at Jacques. "But she won't listen to me."

"I want her to be friends with you," replied Jacques obstinately. He felt that he wished Francine to remain as she was, of course, an adorable child, but also he wished her not to be so—so—different from every one else. For two years he had tried to understand this New York. It was a force—*Sapristi*—apart from any force. It had its laws, its ways, its iron will. The Tullers seemed one with it, because they had been born in it—had lived in it. Emmeline was a product of one of its schools. They were all connected with the great, respectable middle class. Jacques did not quite know what he wanted, but vaguely he desired also to be a small cog in its machinery, to be oiled by its conventions, to be worked in its interests. Francine should understand. In his enthusiasm, he went to an extreme. Francine must be taught. They would settle down here—they would become part of the system. And what was more simple than that Emmeline should tell Francine many things which he could not even know himself. He rose abruptly. "It grows late. I shall take Francine back to her room."

Francine jumped up with hardly concealed relief, and held out her hand to Mr. Darling. "*Bon soir*," she said. "I thank you." She was not quite sure why she was thanking him, except that he had been warmer to her in some way than the others.

Emmeline came forward almost cordially. She had liked the way Jacques had asked her to help him with Francine. "I'm coming to see you soon," she said.

"I thank you, Mademoiselle," replied Francine, without showing a dimple. Mrs. Tuller held out a tired hand.

"We'll be glad to have you, I'm sure, whenever you care to drop in," she said.

Mr. Tuller was asleep, and no one thought of waking him.

Francine walked quietly away from the door-step. "*Eh bien*," Jacques said at last. Only then did she turn a trembling little mouth and bright eyes to him. "Jacquot, it does not march," she answered sadly. Jacques hugged her arm. He had intended to scold, but somehow it did not seem the hour now. "It does not march," she repeated, shaking her head. "*Vois tu*, I tried, Jacquot. I can arrange myself with Madame Gobin, but your friends the Tullers do not like me. I can feel it. That Mademoiselle—" she paused.

"You will like her when you know her," announced Jacques. "And how could they help loving you, *ma mignonne*!"

"*Non*, they will not and I will not," said Francine.

"But see, then, since I tell it to you," cried Jacques, a trifle irritated.

"She is a big grenadier." Francine voiced, at last, her opinion.

"For shame!" exclaimed Jacques. "She is a good girl. You should not say things like that there."

"*Enfin*, let us talk no more of her," replied Francine. "I am fatigued. Only say to me, Jacquot, that you love me—love me. All the rest matters nothing. For, see you, I am a little sad. This way of things, I know it not. I am afraid, almost, to feel that you are living with those Tullers and that I am all by myself—me and Cri Cri—it is difficult. I should like to be married right away. But since you wish it not, I shall try, dear Jacquot."

Jacques bent and kissed her—the street was dark. "My dove, my pretty Francine," he whispered. "After all, we are together again. What matters all else? It will not be long. You will like to be fiancée—when you understand how good it is. And me—I shall not permit you to be lonely, Francine."

They reached the house of Madame Gobin. "*Bon soir, chère amour,*" said Jacques tenderly.

"*Bon soir, mon Jacquot,*" said Francine. "I am gay again—see, I am gay;" and she ran up the first flight of stairs humming a little French song. But somehow, when she reached her room, she was humming no more.

V.

THE next morning the sun was shining, Cri Cri was singing, and Francine, her cheeks very pink, with smiles in her eyes, told herself, "After all, little idiot, you have a rude imagination. Here you are near to your Jacques again. He adores you, you adore him, and you make still to yourself fantasies. This New York will not eat you; the family Tuller will not eat you. Then, little booby!—"

In dressing, she talked joyously to Cri Cri. "I regret that I cannot take you to see the spectacles to-day, *mon petit*," she said. "If you were a little dog instead of a yellow canary, one could arrange it, but I am afraid that as it is, Jacquot would have none of you." Just then there came a tap at the door, and Madame Gobin appeared on the threshold. She was quite breathless.

"Ouf," she panted, "the stairs were not created for women like me. How goes it this morning, *ma petite*?"

"*Très bien, très bien, Madame.* And you?" answered gaily Francine, adjusting her stiff white collar with its jabot of lace. Madame Gobin trotted forward to aid her. "Permit me," and she arranged a small pin in the back.

"Thank you a thousand times."

"There is some one who wants you down-stairs," said then the good Madame Gobin.

"It is Jacquot, not so?" Francine clapped her hands together.

"You have divined it," said Madame Gobin. "He is nice, your Jacquot, *hein?*"

"So early! What happiness!" cried Francine. "Nice! I should think so, Madame. He is unique, Jacquot."

"Listen, *mon lapin*," said Madame Gobin, and her voice became grave. "I am older than you. Let me tell you, and do not anger yourself. Ask your Jacquot to take you back to France. See you, it is well here for those who have had their amusement and desire only the affairs, but, believe me, it is not for you, pretty child."

"Jacques would not go—he would not," replied Francine, shaking her head. "And furthermore, dear Madame, I am to be married. I can no longer be a child. So I must learn to habituate myself to it. Also Jacques, he likes the America."

"Poor love," said Madame Gobin to herself for the second time. Then she smiled again at Francine. "You are to go to the café for breakfast," she said. "You will meet there Pierre, who is a superior man, I assure you, an excellent man."

Francine looked at her with the air a trifle *rogue*. "Pierre—and who is he?"

"He is a *maître d'hôtel*, but not like any other," said Madame Gobin. "Run now, *ma petite*. I will pick up all this for you." Francine obeyed, sending her a swift kiss from the landing. "You are a pearl, Madame," she cried over her shoulder.

Jacques waited at the bottom of the stairs. They started out happily together, for everything seemed perfect that morning.

Once arrived at the Café Lamartine, Pierre, who expected them, came immediately forward. "Mademoiselle—Monsieur—*bon jour*. You are not tired, Mademoiselle, after your voyage—no? I can see that. Mademoiselle is not of the type who fatigues herself easily, not so, Monsieur?"

"Ah, but it is nice here," exclaimed Francine.

And was it not nice?—the table in the corner, the coffee which seemed the very perfume of the morning, the flaky "*croissants*" with unsalted butter—a real *déjeuner*, by my faith, for a French appetite. But behold Jacques, who ordered for himself eggs and bacon, the bread grilled, and a chop!

"*Mon Dieu*," cried Francine, "do not tell me that you will eat all of that. Never have I seen you command so much *déjeuner*."

Jacques looked at her a little impatiently. "One eats more here," he said.

"Ah, very well, but not I," said Francine firmly, and Pierre, who had been listening, could no longer contain himself.

"Mademoiselle has reason," he observed. "The *déjeuner* should

be a repast very delicate, without too much seasoning. One works then up to the hour of dinner, Monsieur."

"Well, for me," Jacques said obstinately, "when I have hunger, I eat. I go often to Hanley's for breakfast. There every one around me eats, so to watch them has given me the habit of hunger in the morning—see you?"

The *déjeuner* finished, Francine and Jacques started walking up-town. It had grown suddenly warm. Little drops as of dew came out on the white forehead of Francine, and her cheeks grew very red. Jacques took off his hat and wiped constantly his face. "And to say that next week rehearsals begin," he observed.

"But you like it, not so?" asked Francine.

"Yes, yes," he responded quickly. "Yes, for sure I like it, but it is always difficult at first to take up one's violin after a rest, and then the hours are long. I cannot be with you so much, *chérie*."

The eyes of Francine became sad. "I recognize it, Jacquot," she said. "But what would you, it must well be."

A short silence came between them. Then, as if to dispel the tiny cloud which threatened to settle over her, Jacques commenced to show to Francine the streets, the buildings, the marvels of New York. He felt himself proud to be able to point his finger at all these important things. It must be that he was a little part of them, since he knew so well of them. Francine gave constant gasps of astonishment. It was extraordinary. Would they not fall, those buildings, one of these days? Did they live at the very top, the very top of them? Jacques showed also to her their system of elevators which made their bigness a nothing to surmount, but she refused to try one of the so swift things. "Never in the life," she cried, terrified, clinging to the arm of Jacques. "It is incredible. Why do they not shoot through the roof and go up to the sky? Do they never stop to take breath? Oh, *là là!*"

She did not like Fifth Avenue. "Is it this a boulevard? Where, then, are the trees and the cafés? Does one not sit out and have one's liqueur in the afternoons? Then what does one do?" she asked. She walked all the while very close to Jacques. At last she stopped and looked down the avenue. "It is hard," she said after a pause. "There are but big gray and brown stones. One feels smothered, Jacquot." Then, as if on an impulse: "Let us go back to Paris, Jacquot."

Jacques was displeased. He had expected that Francine would be impressed, awed, by the force of it; instead, she was frightened like a silly child. And now she spoke of going back. That was too strong. "Francine," he said quite sharply, "what an idea! Do you not see how wonderful it all is!" He was piqued to the defense of New York, as if it had been his native city.

"Surely, it is wonderful," agreed Francine. "But I cannot hear the beat of its heart. It does not even respond to the sun, and, *Ciel*, but it is warm."

"Wait until winter, Francine. Then you will see," Jacques assured her. However, he was pleased when Francine admired the shop-windows.

"Ah, but that is *chic*," she cried once or twice, or, "There is something elegant." Of a sudden she looked shyly up at Jacques. "Say, *chéri*, when we are to be married, I shall have a new costume—yes?"

"All that you will," declared Jacques generously.

Francine smiled. "How you are good," she said. "But you know that I am a prudent girl, Jacquot. I understand well the value of silver."

After a while she grew tired. Her feet seemed to drag heavily along the pavement, and Jacques, remarking it, decided that it was time for the second *déjeuner*, so he conducted her to Hanley's. Francine pouted a little when she entered that restaurant. What noise there was, what eating like hungry dogs, what masses of food! "I like not this much, Jacquot," she said. "Why do we not go to the Lamartine?"

"Because it is far from here, *chérie*," explained Jacques, "and this is a change. I wish you to know it."

Of a sudden, Francine, who stared about her while Jacques commanded the lunch, cried, "How many women there are here who have the air of Mademoiselle Tuller!" It was the first time that day she had spoken of Miss Tuller. Jacques had never remarked it before, but now, as he looked around, he could not help himself seeing it. There were truly women who strangely resembled the Tuller.

"*Tiens*, it is true," he said.

"There are no women like me," went on Francine innocently.

Jacques smiled with tenderness. "There are no women anywhere like you," he said; and Francine was content. She commenced soon to amuse herself.

"Look, then, at that man in the corner," she cried.

"Not so loud, not so loud, *chérie*," whispered Jacques.

"He has the air of a tomato," continued Francine. "Every one reads the journals. How it is droll! See that woman, Jacquot, what an eye of glass, *hein*? . . . Those three men, Jacquot, what are they drinking? *Mon Dieu*, they eat 'sandviches' of a disgusting thickness. The men here do not dress well, Jacquot. Say me"—turning quickly to him—"where are your costumes that I loved so well—the coat with the braid so *chic*, the long black tie, the yellow shoes? You seem lost without them!"

"But—but," returned Jacques, looking down at his suit, "every one laughed at me with them. The shoulders pointed—all that! It does not go here. This is a suit very sensible, I wear now."

"Sensible? Yes, perhaps, *mon amour*," admitted Francine, "but, *Dieu*, it is ugly!" Then, regretting the words, a little cruel, she leaned forward and put her hand over his. "Jacquot, you are adorable in no matter what costume," she whispered, and she herself looked so adorable that Jacques forgot the people around him, the restaurant, everything, and whispered back, "My little heart, I shall kiss you in a moment." Then Francine laughed aloud, and those at the near tables who heard her smiled like echoes.

"Jacquot," she began, "it is nice to be fiancée, as you said, but I have the idea that it will be nicer to be married." Of a sudden she half rose from her seat. "There is the good Monsieur Darling," she cried. "He is looking at us." And she beckoned gaily to the sober figure of Mr. Darling, standing in the doorway.

"Francine, sit down, child," said Jacques. He had forgotten Mr. Darling, and it annoyed him now that Francine should have noticed such an unwelcome entrance into the restaurant.

"He is what you love, American, Jacquot," dimpled Francine, "and because he is so, I will be nice to him."

Mr. Darling, having caught the charming summons of Francine, was speedily making his way over to her table.

"Why, hello," he remarked, looking sociably from one to the other. "Lunching here?"

"*Non*," said Francine maliciously, "we lunch not here." Mr. Darling caught the little smile in her eyes, saw her put a bit of chicken in her pretty mouth, and then he laughed uproariously.

"That's a good one," he repeated. "That's a good one." Jacques was far from being affable.

"You are not lunching with Mademoiselle Tuller?" he asked coldly. "No? Why not?" He did not request him to sit down. He was, at the end, odious, that American! So Mr. Darling stood talking a moment more and then moved away. "I do not like that man," said Jacques.

Francine, who seemed more and more gay, replied, "But he is so American, *chéri*!"

"He is so imbecile," said Jacques.

"Oh, *le petit vilain*," smiled Francine. After lunch they went to the Central Park. "It is not like the Bois," remarked Francine. "It is less savage—more—more—how shall I say?—polite, not so, *chéri*?"

The afternoon passed itself quickly. They were happy together, the two, and when it grew dark enough for the shadows to appear—those shadows which are soft and good to lovers, whether in Paris or

New York—Jacques embraced Francine many times, and they forgot the place, the hour, everything but happiness. They dined at the Lamartine, where Pierre waited on them himself, and Madame Gobin smiled at them. Yes, truly it had been a joyous day. But when the hour came to say "*Bon soir*" the little Francine did not wish to return home. "Jacquot, let us go out—somewhere. I do not wish to sleep yet—me. It is just at night that one should amuse oneself."

"But no, *chérie*, it is too late now," cried Jacques.

"Late! Does this New York, then, put out its light like a *vieille fille*, at nine o'clock?"

"Surely no."

"*Alors—?*"

"You should be fatigued, Francine. You have seen much to-day. Be content. Here we arrive at the house."

"Jacquot, I shall not sleep. My eyes are wide open. See how they are big as saucers!" She made big eyes for him.

But he put her gently aside. "*Bon soir, ma petite*. Really it must be *bon soir*."

"If it were Paris, Jacquot, you would do it."

"But it is New York, my treasure."

"*Au Diable* with New York, at the end!"

"Francine, do not be such a child."

"*Eh bien*, I am a child who wishes to play. My room is sad—Cri Cri sleeps—and me, I shall sit straight in a chair—so."

"You will close your pretty eyes and sleep. I guarantee of you."

"No."

"Yes."

"No. Let us sit ourselves on these stairs and talk, Jacquot."

"We would have the air droll if any one came."

"What makes it to me?"

"It is just for you that I care, *chérie*. I cannot permit myself to allow you—"

"*Là là*, how you are wise and good these days, Monsieur Boutet. As you say, then, I shall go. *Bon soir*." She ran up the stairs.

"Francine!"

She turned and leaned over the banisters. "I must hasten myself. My bed awaits me, Monsieur Jacques. What would you?"

"But I wish to embrace you once—to kiss you good-night."

"It is too late. It is not proper to kiss after—ten o'clock."

"I pray of you—one kiss, *petite méchante*."

"You can catch it, then, if you are quick. See, one—two, I send them." Her little hands flew to her lips, gathered kisses from them, and sent them down to Jacques.

"They are not enough."

"Yes, yes, they are enough. *Bon soir, mon amour,*" and she had gone. He heard her feet go tripping up the stairs, and he heard the door close.

He turned away and walked slowly off into the night. He was thinking, in spite of himself, how different this life must appear to her—his Francine. He felt almost an impulse to return, to sail back to France with her. But quickly he shook his head over it. No, he must remain where the affairs went, where the wheels turned, where each man had his chance. The lightness of the other life no longer appealed to him. Then he remembered the cry of Francine: "It is nice to be fiancée, but I have the idea that it will be nicer to be married." Why not soon, then?—to-morrow? Again he shook his head. It must for the principle, the idea. Nothing could be arranged so quickly, nothing was ready. It would decidedly not be for the best, so, for a little time any way, it would be wiser to wait.

VI.

EMMELINE rustled up the stairs. There seemed to be no one around—neither the French woman of whom Jacques had spoken, nor Francine. But Emmeline remembered Jacques' instructions about the room—two flights up, back. He had also said, "She will be very pleased—very pleased to see you." Emmeline knew better. Francine would not be pleased to see her. But this instinctive knowledge she kept to herself, for she intended to make the call, on many accounts. She told herself that chief among them was because, in a magnanimous spirit, she wished to be friendly with the girl to whom Mr. Booty was engaged. Considering that he, Mr. Booty, had boarded with her family and had always been polite and nice, it was her duty now to give this French girl some attention. Beneath all these worthy motives, however, lay the real reason. Emmeline wanted to see certain things for herself. She did not quite analyze what the certain things were, but vaguely she felt that she must see about them. So, when she reached the third floor, back, and knocked several times, receiving no cordial invitation to enter, she opened the door without it—Francine, careless little one, having forgotten to turn the key in the lock. The room was empty—empty, that is, except for Cri Cri, who, balanced uncertainly on his perch, was sharpening his beak on a bar of the cage.

Emmeline stood in the doorway, her eyes travelling busily around the room. "H'm," she said aloud. "No one in, and I putting myself out to come to see her. It seems a shame not to wait. Mr. Booty would want me to, I'm sure. Besides, these are dreadful tight slippers. They pinch me, and I need to rest my feet." All of which was quite true—so convincingly true, indeed, that Emmeline, closing

the door gently behind her, advanced into the middle of the room. "H'm," she said again. Then she sauntered over to the bureau, looked into its mirror, patted her hair, borrowed a stray hair-pin which was lying invitingly near at hand, stuck it in her pompadour, where she did n't really need it, powdered her nose (the box lay open most carelessly), pushed down her belt, and stood gazing pensively at the light disarray of the remaining articles on this bureau.

A woman's bureau is intimate, personal. It comes in contact at all times of day with her restless fingers. Either it suggests by the unruffled calm of its belongings a nature above infinitesimal flurries, or it bears over a delightfully disordered surface the traces of the charming impractical creature whose countless fumbblings have left it as a field of battle is left after a victory. Francine unhesitatingly belonged to the latter class. It was in a delicious disorder, this bureau of hers. It appeared to be still smiling from her touch. There was a tiny white handkerchief, looking and smelling like a rose-leaf; the shocking betrayal of three curls, which were the color of Francine's hair, but which certainly had never grown on her little head except by the aid of hair-pins; a wonderful scented bottle with the name of the latest French perfume on its label; powder which was obviously French in its subtle color, and sundry pins strewn helplessly among the brushes; while hanging over the mirror was the spirit of it all, the joyous note once struck but still sounding—a black mask—such a dear little mask that belonged only with dimples and daring eyes and dominoes and carnivals and—but is not that enough? No one could tell, except Francine, the reason for bringing such a ridiculous scrap of a mask to New York. She would willingly have explained if one had asked her, "I love it, that mask. It was the night I met Jacquot I wore it. It is for me a bearer of good tidings, and *Ciel*, how I did amuse myself in wearing it." Emmeline looked at these things; her mouth straightened itself primly. "I wonder," she said, "I wonder——" There was a chair near the bureau. She sat down in it. Cri Cri at that moment, cheered by the presence of some one—any one—in the room, began to sing. "My! I would n't have a *canary*!" thought Emmeline. Her restless eyes fixed themselves upon an improvised writing-table upon which there were pictures and a few books. As if tired of sitting still, she rose and wandered over to it. "She's very shiftless. Poor Mr. Booty!" she said to herself impatiently. As she bent to look at the pictures, Cri Cri with a sudden flurry of wings, scrambled in his sand to reach his bird-seed, and Emmeline jumped. "Gracious!" she exclaimed. "How you startled me, you wretched bird!" The pictures—oh, yes, she must see them. She bent again. There was one of Francine and Jacques together. Then there were others of strange-looking people in stranger costumes,

all of them smiling, a few of them even laughing. Emmeline could not tell why, but she disliked them—they were quite different even in the pictures from any of her friends. Then the books—in French, of course, with yellow covers. Emmeline had heard that yellow-covered French novels were never nice. There was what seemed to be a prayer-book, though, and under the pillow on the bed Emmeline caught a glimpse of a rosary, and her Presbyterian soul recoiled sharply. She was n't surprised at seeing it there, but the whole room seemed queer and irritatingly different from her own. She wondered if Mr. Booty could realize how funny it looked, his bringing this French woman all the way to New York to marry him, and a sly creature like that too—only there was one thing—she could n't get around Emmeline. She—Emmeline—had watched her little French ways, making up to Mr. Darling. Why, she had met him the very next day after the first evening, probably by appointment, though, to be sure, Mr. Darling had n't exactly said that. Yes, she was the kind of girl *men* liked. But that was n't everything in this world. Emmeline flounced back to the chair. She could n't seem to leave the room yet. It fascinated her curiosity. There was a closet in the corner. Emmeline, with a longing glance toward it, wondered what there was in it. The temptation to find out was so overwhelming, that finally she went and opened its door. Not many dresses, but they were pretty and they smelt good—sachet—"H'm! I wonder what kind"—and slippers indecently high-heeled, and a red silk petticoat, and a bit of lingerie more fluff and lace than foundation—Cri Cri chirped, and Emmeline bounced out of the closet crossly. "I might as well go," she said. "I've seen about everything, and, I declare, I don't believe she's nice, I really don't." This was the point she had been working herself up to, urging herself on to—she did n't believe Francine was nice. Just then Francine came in—very quietly, very suddenly.

"Oh!" said Francine.

"Oh!" said Emmeline, but as the moment was clearly not one for an embarrassing pause, she hurried on: "How d'you do, Miss Barrow? I came to see you. You were n't in, so I hated to go without seeing you, so I waited, thinking you would n't mind. I've been watching that dear little bird—a pet of yours, I suppose. I love birds." Almost breathlessly she came to a stop. Francine looked puzzled. She could not understand such quick English, slammed at her, as it were, by this woman so little sympathetic. In all Emmeline's rapid explanations, she caught only the words "to see you" and "little bird."

"It is good of you. Will you sit yourself down?" she replied coldly. "My bird Cri Cri is nice bird, yes?"

"Mr. Booty asked me to come and see you," continued Emmeline.

"He's a *great* friend of mine—such a sweet fellow!—and I wanted to—I mean I——" she felt that her remark was not a happy one.

Francine stared at her with strangely unsmiling eyes. She never pretended, did Francine. If she disliked people, they must know it. Even for Jacques she could not like this Mademoiselle Tuller.

"You are n't used to America yet," said Emmeline. She spoke slowly now, as if she were teaching a child to talk.

"*Non, Mademoiselle,*" replied Francine.

"We are different here," went on Emmeline, fidgeting with her long chain. "The young girls especially——"

"Yes," observed Francine politely. "But that matters not for me"—she paused and shrugged her shoulders.

"Does n't it?" remarked Emmeline dryly.

"No, for I—I am *me*," finished Francine happily. "I am one little original—yes? I do what I want. As, for example. I want now to marry Jacquot, so I him marry. See you?"

"But you're not to be married till the first of January," said Emmeline.

"How you know?" suddenly asked Francine.

"Mr. Booty told me," returned Emmeline.

Francine's face grew wistful. "We marry ourselves very more sooner. I wish it," she said.

Emmeline raised her eyebrows. Then she leaned forward as if she were impelled to speak. "Of course it's none of my business," she said, "but had n't you better wait till *he* gets ready?"

Francine frowned angrily. "What say you?" she demanded, and Emmeline, drawing back at the sound of her voice, answered, "Nothing." After all, this was not the time to quarrel, so, smiling her sweetest, she continued: "Frenchmen *are* cute, are n't they?"

"Cute—what is it?"

"Oh, I don't know—nice."

"Nice, yes, for sure, nice."

"But they're pretty fickle, are n't they?" persisted Emmeline.

"Fickle—what is it?"

"Why, I heard," said Emmeline confidentially, "that a Frenchman never could love a girl long—always another, you know. Oh," she cried with forced surprise, "of course Mr. Booty is different. How stupid of me!" She rose. "I guess I'd better go. How fine it is, being engaged, is n't it?—much more fun than being married. You never can tell, they say, about marriage. But Mr. Booty has so many cunning ways." She stopped long enough for Francine to grasp her knowledge of Mr. Booty's fascinations, then she held out her hand. "Good-by," she said. "Do come and see us. Mr. Booty's in his orchestra now, he told me. You'll need company. He wants me to

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keep you from being lonely, and I'm sure I'm only too glad." She rustled out. Francine's little "*Au revoir, Mademoiselle,*" fell on unheeding air. Emmeline had gone.

Francine stood quite still. Then she stamped her foot.

"You grenadier of a woman!" she cried. "For one *sou* I would have strangled you, with your stupid airs and grimaces. I detest you. You the friend of Jacquot? *Eh bien, zut!* I say, *zut*, again." She turned to Cri Cri. "Bird dear, I cannot. It is stronger than me—this America, these Americans. For seven days now I have tried. How I want Jacquot to take me home—but, Cri Cri, he will not. Then he must marry me, not so? Perhaps if I keep house for him, I am happier."

There came a tap on the door. It was Madame Gobin. "*Ma petite*, your Jacques waits to say a word to you before he goes to his theatre," she said. "Why, what takes you? You have an air upset. *Pauvre chou*, recount it to me."

"Later," cried Francine. "I am glad that Jacquot is here." Down the stairs she went, down to the hall, for Jacques would not even come up to her room. He stood with his violin in his hand, his face turned towards the stairs. He had an expression of waiting in his eyes. Francine arrived. She threw herself at him and her little voice, swift, eager, half tears, half anger, swept over him like a tempestuous torrent. "Jacquot, I will no more of your friend—Tuller. She came to see me—I detest her. She speaks of you as if you had loved her once. A *great* friend, she calls you. She makes me horror—and, Jacquot, I am unhappy. Cri Cri sings no more so much. He misses the little parties as we had them in Paris—and I find myself cold here—Jacquot."

Jacquot looked at her surprised. "Francine," was all he could say, "Francine!"

"Then marry me," she continued, "if you will not go back. The Tuller, she said you would marry me only the first day of the year, but I shall die by then, for, see you, Jacquot, it is this way: I am here—no life like I have always had, no fêtes, no balls, no singing—only you. That is well. It is enough, for I love only you. But I am smothered by your American ideas. You go to play every day, every evening—that is well; Madame Gobin, Pierre, are good to me—that is well. But I cannot stir. I cannot smile when I will, I cannot be your little woman to work and sew for you. Look at you—two buttons off that costume, and a spot on your coat. If we were married"—the hands of Francine flew in a wide gesture—"then what—we have our little home—I mind not being alone, for it is our home. I sing—Cri Cri sings. I forget it is the America." She began to cry.

Jacques put down his violin and went to her. "*Ma petite*," he repeated disconsolately, "I did not know it was so hard as that. You are not yet accustomed. Mademoiselle Tuller is a good girl—she did not mean to hurt you. We will think about the marriage. Perhaps, as you say—and in waiting, dry your eyes. It does not go you to cry."

Francine obeyed him, subsiding like a small storm. "You say it! Jacquot, if I were not sure you loved me, I should not keep asking you. But it is the truth. I must have something to distract me from this big, strange New York. You understand—not so? I will be patient—only it will be soon—next week—yes? Go, now, I shall be good as a picture. But that grenadier of a woman, and do I know many other things that have excited me." She kissed Jacques. "*Au revoir, chéri*," she cried. "I shall run up the stairs, or you will never depart. You will be late for the repetition. You will be fined."

She left him, as she had come, in the flash of an eye. He picked up his violin slowly. "I had fear it would be this way," he said to himself. "The little one, the little one, what can I well do with her!"

VII.

"CRI CRI," said Francine the next morning, "I go out to promenade myself quite alone. I bore myself to death. Jacques is at the theatre; Madame Gobin is a love, Cri Cri, but she talks all the time of Pierre, and I am fatigued, at the end, of Pierre as a subject of conversation, although he is an intelligent man, and, apropos, Cri Cri, I think, me, that Madame Gobin would say yes very quickly to him if he gave her the chance. Like me a little—hein, she holds on to marrying. And I, who thought never before of those things there. Ah, for that, Cri Cri, I am glad! The marriage is a *chic* institution." She dressed as she talked. "*Là*, I will put on my blue hat. It is pretty, that hat—five francs—think, then. Here you could not find it for fifty. One pays in this sacred place, as well as earns, Cri Cri. I ask of myself sometimes—I have been in this disgusting country for eight days. It seems to me as if it were eight years. Ah, *là là*, one cannot change one's heart, after all. The things here are so serious, Cri Cri. They weigh on my head. In the night I listen to the sounds. They are like an animal which never sleeps." She fixed her blue hat, her veil, put on her jacket, and turned away. "*Eh bien, au revoir*, Cri Cri. I am happy that Jacques cannot dress you in an American suit and make you sing à l'américaine. Be good, and if the Tuller comes, pick her to the death."

It seemed a very big city to Francine, as she strolled up the street. Every one appeared to be busy, every one ran. She stared curiously at the passers-by. There were enough of them—*mon Dieu*—

as they came and went and passed and repassed. "Is there a fire somewhere that they hurry themselves so?" she thought. She felt already tired by the time she reached Madison Square. "But one can sit oneself down here," she said. She settled down a trifle wearily, and stayed there watching with great interest the different people who walked by her. The Square seemed to her a giant puzzle without solution. One turned and twisted around in never ending circles, and always droll types of beings marched in and out of these circles. To recognize no one—to sit and look and look at the indifferent faces pass and to see not a grain of a smile. It dug an enormous emptiness in the heart too sociable of the little Frenchwoman. And then to hear English talked, talked, talked, without stopping. No, it was hard. She, who dreamed of light chatter and gestures of conviviality, smiles for every one, time to lose—*bourgeois*, *gentilhommes* elbowing one another down the broad, gay Boulevards, the cries of little flower-venders, the French journals (how she missed them!), the—oh, *là là*, for what good these dreams! She, the future wife of the American-mad Jacques! Her eyes filled with the tears of nostalgia. "Decidedly," she thought sadly, "decidedly, it is not good to be alone." Then resolutely she turned her mind to Jacques, but even there a painful doubt assailed her. If she could not satisfy him, if she could not adapt herself to his ideas! She felt troubled, perplexed, at this problem in her hitherto joyous life. "What to do!" At that point she rested. Her imagination could travel no farther.

It was then that, looking up from her thoughts so disagreeable, she saw approaching her, all smiles, the familiar figure of Edward Darling. "Does he follow me, that man?" she thought, but with the view of him came relief. She breathed as if a heavy weight had been removed, at least for a time. Poor child, she liked not to be alone and to cry. So she met him with a swift reaction of pleasure for the occasion which interrupted her thoughts. He was not, however, very beautiful, this Monsieur Darling, as he advanced toward her in the early morning sunshine. The angles of his undersized figure elbowed themselves into undue prominence. But his face was good and kind—so what mattered the rest.

"Why, Miss Barrow, good morning. I thought young ladies were never up so early."

"Cri Cri, my canary—how you say?—wake me so early with singing, so I dress and come here," returned Francine, smiling. He sat down beside her.

"I'm on my way to the hotel, but I guess I'll be late," he said. He was not of the nature to be often late to his work, but Francine looked very seductive there, smiling up at him. It was a clear, sunshiny August day, the kind that makes one wish to forget things

one should remember. Deep down in his conventional soul, Mr. Darling possessed a tiny unlighted log of imagination. Francine kindled it now, and its flame warmed him. "Dear, dear," he said, "where is Mr. Booty that he can let such a charming young lady as you be alone?"

"Jacques, he play at the theatre," explained Francine. Then, of a sudden, she turned and fixed her eyes a little pathetic on the man beside her. "Say, Monsieur Darling," she said, with the slightest unconscious accent on the "Darling," "say me, how different I am to American girls."

"Why—why," stammered Mr. Darling, who was not accustomed to such personal appeals, "I can't say that I can tell, Miss Barrow—not to put it in words."

"Very different?" persisted Francine.

"No," said Mr. Darling consolingly.

Francine lifted her eyes, they smiled beneath the long curly lashes. "Am I more pretty—yes?" she asked.

Mr. Darling gasped. What a strange little woman! Then he answered almost fervently, "Yes, you are," watching in spite of himself the little head bend towards him like a coquettish flower in a playful wind.

"Then what makes it if I am not American?" asked Francine.

"I beg pardon?" Mr. Darling could not understand this turn to the conversation.

"If I am pretty—it is more nice to be French—yes?"

"I don't know but you're right," answered Mr. Darling. Suddenly he pulled out his watch. "Jiminy! I'm half an hour late; I must be going, Miss. I'm sorry." He rose.

"I walk too," said Francine. "I not want to be by myself now."

"Fine!" exclaimed Mr. Darling. How simple, how natural, she was! They walked on together.

"You like Mademoiselle Tuller?" said Francine suddenly.

"Very much. She's an elegant young lady," replied Mr. Darling effusively. "Don't you think?" he added.

"Non," said Francine unexpectedly. "No, she makes me horror."

"Miss Tuller is a friend of mine," retorted Mr. Darling, with considerable dignity. "I admire her."

"Ah, that is what she tell me of Jacques. He also was great friend of hers," observed Francine, more to herself than to Mr. Darling. "How many, then, has she of great friends?"

Mr. Darling looked cross. "It's different," he said.

"Oh, that word," cried Francine, shrugging her shoulders impatiently. "Different, different. What a word! Everything is different to everything, and yet all is the same underneath." Just then

she happened to glance across the street. Of all people who might have been there, was the least probable—Emmeline herself—Emmeline evidently out on a day's fall shopping, for she looked disagreeably determined, and was carrying a bag which seemed capable of holding many bundles. She had not yet seen Mr. Darling and his companion. A spirit of mischief bubbled up in the naughty Francine. What a chance to tease Emmeline, for there was she—Francine—promenading on this fine morning with the sweetheart of Emmeline. "Wait, Mademoiselle," said Francine to herself. Yes, at last Emmeline saw them. Francine bowed radiantly, but without calling the attention of Mr. Darling to the presence of his Emmeline. Then she looked up at him. "You have such a lovely smile, Monsieur—Darling," she said. "Smile now at me, your loveliest smile."

"Oh, go on!" exclaimed Mr. Darling, smiling as Francine had wished, just to show her that it was ridiculous. "Ah," then cried Francine, "there is Mademoiselle Tuller."

"Where?" Mr. Darling stopped smiling.

"There! How she looks pleased!" continued Francine innocently. "We cross to her—yes? If you please, take my arm. I have fear."

Emmeline watched this performance with cold amazement. She had been surprised, more than surprised, to see the two at that hour together. She knew that Mr. Darling was due at his hotel long ago. There came biting its way through her mind a sharp, furious resentment. She was n't jealous, naturally—of Miss Barrow of all people. But Mr. Darling had no business, when he was calling on her—Emmeline—to go gallivanting around with any other woman. It was Francine's fault—of that she was sure. Look at them—he smiling down at her. Now they were crossing—he took her arm—a quite harmless carriage rattled by, and Francine, giving little cries of fright, seized him and clung to him. Ridiculous—absurd! Emmeline prepared her smile of greeting. Francine advanced graciously. "*Bonjour, Mademoiselle,*" she said. "Your Monsieur Darling is a—what you say—a flirt. He likes to flirt a little with me—yes? You do not mind?" It was unexpected—inexcusable. Mr. Darling, distinctly embarrassed, stood behind her. Emmeline felt herself growing angry, unreasonably, out of proportion angry. Angry because Francine, a stranger, an alien, an impertinent nobody, was laughing at her. Oh, she could see it quite plainly! Perhaps Mr. Darling was laughing, too! No, one glance at his face showed her that her dignity, so far as he was concerned, remained safe. Then she turned frigidly to Francine.

"It takes two, Miss Barrow, to flirt," she said in what she considered a crushing voice.

Francine laughed. "Then I must run," she said, "for you will

desire Monsieur Darling to yourself. One—two—yes?" and with a saucy wink of the eye to Mr. Darling, she walked rapidly away.

"Well!" exclaimed Emmeline. "Of all the——!"

Mr. Darling smiled foolishly. Now that Francine was gone, he felt that perhaps he had flirted a little—as men do. He looked self-conscious. After all, Emmeline need n't get so mad. He could n't help it if pretty women wanted him to flirt with them. As soon as he could, he excused himself and went on his way to the hotel, while Emmeline, attributing her present wretched temper to Francine, went back to lunch after an unsuccessful shopping tour, her resentment still sizzling beneath the calm exterior of her starched white shirt-waist. She found Jacques at the table. The rehearsal had been late, he had to go right back to it, he was tired and out of tune. He had decided that there was no use going to lunch with Francine that day, when he would have to leave her so soon after it. Emmeline wasted no time. Her tongue dipped itself into the vinegar of her injury. "I saw Miss Barrow this morning," she said.

"You saw Francine?" exclaimed Jacques. "Where, then?"

"I met her walking with Edward Darling. Was n't it funny I should run across her so early in the morning? And what do you think! She said she was flirting with him." Emmeline laughed. "Say, you'd better keep an eye on her," she added.

"Francine and Mr. Darling," Jacques exclaimed, "and to flirt—those two. Ah, *non*, upon my word! You mock yourself of me, Mademoiselle."

"Dear me, why should I?" inquired Emmeline sweetly. "Oh, perhaps I should n't have told you. But there's no harm in walking with a young man in the morning, is there, Mr. Booty?"

Jacques rose from the table. "I do not wish Francine to walk with any person but me," he said shortly.

Emmeline pretended now to be distressed. "I did n't mean to make trouble, Mr. Booty," she said. "Of course it does look a little funny for a girl, when she's engaged, to walk out with another fellow, but Miss Barrow's French, and that *does* make a difference."

"While Francine is here, it must make no difference," said Jacques. "*Bonjour*, Mademoiselle, Madame;" and he went from the room without his customary smile.

Once alone on the street, he thought over and over what Emmeline had told him. It was not good that which Francine had done. Surely he wished her to amuse herself, not to be lonely, to have friends; but it was too strong that she should get herself talked about, and, then, he would not have her flirt with other men. It was disgusting. Now she had given Emmeline a chance to whisper around about her—his future wife. He would certainly have to scold Francine to-night.

La petite méchante—to play tricks like that. Then he began to think of Mr. Darling. Jacques had still the temper of a Frenchman. Monsieur Darling was a coarse creature, a species of sacred animal! His voice, his clothes, his manner so clumsy, without delicacy—Jacques stopped short, surprised to find himself revolting at the idea of Francine amusing herself with one who was not of her country. If she had flirted a little with Pierre, for instance, walked with Pierre, he, Jacques, would not have said a word, but all his instincts opposed themselves to this imbecile Darling. He was not of the same blood. "That is what is droll," thought Jacques to himself, when he had realized the reason for his irritation. "I, who admire all this great country—I will not permit an individual who is American to be friends with Francine." He would tell her not to promenade herself and talk with this Darling. Then, also, Mademoiselle Tuller had reason. It is strange when a girl is fiancée that she should associate with other men. He was not in the humor for rehearsing when he arrived at the theatre. He could think only of the little Francine, promenading with Mr. Darling—smiling at him, talking to him.

VIII.

At the Café Lamartine it was the hour of dinner, the hour of the little intimate tables for two and the tables bigger, more crowded, where the convivialed amused themselves, rather uproariously, telling stories, laughing loudly, watching curiously the new-comers, and tasting in satisfied mouthfuls the good things which arrived one after the other on their steaming dishes.

In a corner of the restaurant a small table for two waited—the air inviting. From time to time Pierre, his hands behind his back, would stroll over to it and look down at it, nodding his head slowly. Meanwhile the hour advanced, but the little table remained still unoccupied until, at last, in the doorway there appeared Francine and Jacques. Then Pierre, smiling, conducted them to it.

However, there was something—something which went not well with the two young people. It is true that Francine was dressed to ravishment—a delicious creature, the little one, with the dress of brown, the knot of blue ribbon at her throat, the blue toque placed well forward on the graceful head, and the veil of a soft mesh with black dots which seemed tiny audacious points punctuating the delicate rose and white of the face. But in her eyes, born to smile, there were tears floating vaguely like approaching gray clouds over blue skies, and her hands played nervously with the paper fan Pierre had given her immediately on her entrance. Jacques held himself very straight and pulled much at his mustache. Pierre, watching them from the corner of his attentive eye, thought, "There is decidedly something in the

air. It must be that I see that. The poor little one!" Pierre cherished a weakness for pretty faces, and, let us whisper it, Francine reminded him of a little Parisian he had known long ago—and, *mon Dieu*, what would you?—he felt a tenderness for this being so fragile, who seemed to have been thrown with such relentless force at the hard wall of the unknown, and was breaking herself against it. He had seen many others do the same—*allez!* But as to Jacques—for him there was no tenderness. He was an imbecile to transplant a little Parisian to ground like this.

During these reflections of Pierre, Francine was saying to Jacques across the table, "It is not right of you, Jacquot. It is not." And Jacques was answering obstinately. "But then, why do you make such foolish things, Francine? Do I want, me, to have the world talk of my fiancée, smile over her? How can I know, me, what else you will not do with that clown of a Darling?"

"You know—you know," cried the little Francine excitedly, her cheeks becoming very red. Looking at her in that moment, Jacques felt suddenly the desire to seize her in his arms and crush her to him, but the cold spirit of an obstinate one invaded him, and he turned his eyes away. "Francine," he said, "Mademoiselle Tuller, a woman I esteem, who wishes only to be friends with you, told me with regret——"

But Francine interrupted him. Leaning her elbows on the table, doubling up her round fists, she rested her chin upon them, and looked Jacques in the eyes. Then she spoke. "Jacquot," she said, and there was a sob in the light voice, "it must be that it finishes. I no longer recognize you, and I assure of you that I am unhappy here. I know that I am not like the people of the country. *Ma foi*, when I think of the Tullers, I am glad of that. What will you, *cher*?—you throw yourself on me for a nothing. If it is that to be fiancée, always, always bad blood, *eh bien, tu sais, Jacquot, tu sais*—I want of it no more."

Jacques leaned forward. "But what does this mean?" he cried. "What does it signify?"

Francine shook her head. "I do not know, me, either," she answered. "Only this—you reproach me for things of which I am ignorant. Tuller, Darling, all those people there, seem to be a part of our betrothal, and I detest it—hear you—it embitters my heart, for I asked only to be happy—to be left with you."

"Francine," protested Jacques.

"Yes," she continued, "one of these days you will also see."

"Listen, *chérie*," cried Jacques, desolated at her sad manner, "if it is like that, I shall marry you soon—sooner than I had the idea. *Là, are you content?*"

But the face of Francine did not brighten. "Jacques, Jacques," she said, "and afterwards?"

"What—afterwards?" demanded Jacques crossly. He had thought that Francine would be satisfied—now.

"Oh, there is an afterwards," continued Francine. "I had dreamed it would be only happiness—but would it perhaps not be much the same? Would not Tuller and Darling, and, for that, all the conditions, be the same? Would you want me to be this—that—do I know, me? Would you not wish the *cuisine à l'américaine*, would you not wish me to dress like the Americans?"

"But, Francine, you are crazy," cried Jacques. "In the end, what is it you want? I consent to marry you, when I had meant to be so nicely fiancée—until you should grow accustomed to the ideas here—and you still complain!"

"Non, Jacquot," went on Francine, shaking her head and fanning herself rapidly; "but I feel myself puzzled, no more happy so easily. Next week the theatre opens. Then every night, except Sunday—also for matinées—you will be away. Perhaps I should be content in my little *ménage*, if we were married—but Cri Cri sleeps early, the hours are long, and, as I tell you, Jacques, it is not the same thing, it is not the joy, the song of other days. You think now more of money, of affairs, while I understand of them nothing."

"Name of a name, I wish you to be happy. What to do," said Jacques, "I shall make you happy."

Francine dropped the fan and clasped her hands together. "Then," she pleaded, "then, Jacquot, come back with me to Paris. Let us be poor again. I will be a little wife without a *sou*, and singing all the day. See, you will play your violin in the Café Rouge, as you used to, and I will sit at a little table so close, so close, and applaud you. And the Sundays we shall go to Saint Germain *en fête*. How I miss those fêtes! And you shall buy me violets. Ah, Jacquot, *viens—viens*."

But Jacques shook his head. "Little stubborn one," he said, "we are here, we must stay. Some day I shall be a *chef d'orchestre*—who knows? To be born poor does not mean that one should die poor. It is a country of the affairs. A man must work, and it is well to work."

Francine sighed. "To what good? The heart is often lightest when the pockets are light."

"*Ma petite amie*," said Jacques, "I shall scold you never any more—only do not be unhappy, I beg of you. Since I tell you we marry. *Tiens*, your day of birth arrives in two weeks. Shall it not be then?"

"Jacquot, truly?"

"Francine! But say nothing of it, *chérie*, yet. It will be a secret."

"And why?"

"Because I do not want questions, exclamations—all the curiosity."

"You have fear of Tuller!"

"Certainly not. But it is better, since we have changed our minds, to keep it to ourselves."

"As you will, Jacquot. But how she would be furious! I beg of you to let me tell her."

"Non."

"Why?"

Jacques grew impatient. "Because I say so."

Then immediately Francine became angry. "Because—because I shall tell you. You have flirted with her—and you are afraid of her. It is that! I have known it. Ah, you see—you grow red. Yes, I understand, the men are all the same. But now I wish absolutely that she should know."

"Francine, you have the tongue pointed like a needle. Madame Tuller has been perfectly proper with me. Furthermore, she will be married to Monsieur Darling. But I forbid you to tell her, if it would be now only for the principle."

"*Eh bien non.*"

"*Eh bien oui.* Nothing is arranged."

"But you have promised."

"I have promised if you are good."

"Then it is finished. I will not be good."

"Francine!"

"Francine—Francine, always Francine. Jacques, if you love me——"

"You know it."

"Then it matters not whether I am good or bad."

At this point Pierre, who had watched them discreetly through the evening, judged it time to approach their table. So, slowly, he came towards them, stopping here and there to smile or bow around the room. "The little one will soon cry if I do not make her laugh," he thought. So, with an air unconscious, he addressed himself to Francine. "Mademoiselle is a real *bouton de rose* to-night," he said. "The dinner is good?" He peered anxiously into their plates, where the salad lay untouched. "How it is nice," he continued. "Mademoiselle, you have Monsieur opposite. Monsieur, you have Mademoiselle opposite. The dinner, as I observe, is good; the moon shines outside; the music plays inside. It is a happy world, not so?"

Francine looked shyly at Jacques; Jacques looked shyly at Francine. "Very surely," they both answered.

"How it is simple," went on Pierre, with a wide gesture of his hands. "When one is young. "I, now—I am old."

The dimples of Francine ran in and out of her cheek. "Old never, Monsieur Pierre. Blind, perhaps."

"What do you mean, Mademoiselle?" asked Pierre.

But Francine smiled and shook her head. "I mean that when one is alone, then only is one old, but when one is two, one is young. That, Monsieur Pierre, is a riddle."

Pierre looked down at the napkin on his arm. "Ah, for that you have said it, Mademoiselle. Your riddle is simple, but the answer is a problem. Now you," he continued—"you have so much."

"No," cried Francine suddenly, "no—not here. I am a nothing of nothing."

"Francine," protested Jacques, whose bad humor had departed. Francine looked wistfully at Pierre.

"Monsieur Pierre," she said, "it is true that the dinner is good, the moon is shining outside, the music is playing, all are young—but all that does not make a life. For me, I want more—much more."

Pierre regarded her attentively. "Mademoiselle, you are a little pale," he said. "You need a change. Wait—I have it. If you would like a day in the country, and if I but dared."

Francine clapped her hands. "Yes, yes," she cried, "a fête, a day in the country—oh, yes, Monsieur Pierre—but how, where? Jacquot, listen."

Jacques nodded. "Tell us, Pierre."

"I have an aunt," announced Pierre, "Madame Pouffard—a good woman is Madame Pouffard. She lives in the country, an hour from here. She is a widow"—Pierre sighed conventionally—"that poor Pouffard. But there is Fifine, the daughter, a love of a child,—pretty as an angel. So they keep a species of inn. One lunches there—and lunches well, you understand. If I prepared her for our arrival, Sunday—I have an idea that I could arrange to have a Sunday—then, if I dared to ask you, Mademoiselle and Monsieur, to accompany me."

"Oh, Monsieur Pierre," cried Francine, dancing in her chair, her cheeks pink with pleasure. "And Madame Gobin too—yes?"

Pierre smiled. "And Madame Gobin too."

"It will be amazing. We will go, we four. You are glad, Jacquot—yes?"

Jacques seemed all content to behold Francine so happy. "We will go," he said.

"How it will be like Paris!" laughed Francine. "Monsieur Pierre, I shall love Madame Pouffard and Fifine. Next Sunday, not

so, then? It is understood. You tell Madame Gobin. She will be pleased—but pleased!” And Pierre, watching her, thought, “The child! how little, how very little, makes her happy.” Then he left them to invite Madame Gobin, and I promise you that she too was delighted. “With all the pleasure in the world—with all the pleasure,” she repeated, smiling down at him; and he, looking up at her kind face, said to himself, “She is an excellent woman. The late Monsieur Gobin showed very bad taste in departing. I shall also be glad to spend a Sunday in her company.”

Francine, all the rest of the dinner, would talk of nothing else. “The country, Jacquot,” she tired not of repeating. “There will be trees—hundreds of trees—and flowers—not so many now, but still some—and the sky, Jacquot, so much of it we will see.” She put out both of her little hands. “The whole blue sky. Ah, but it will be magnificent. And birds also, like Cri Cri, who will sing—and we too, Jacquot, we will sing. How I love you, love you, love you—and we will be married, and perhaps—who knows?—Madame Pouffard will give us a wedding breakfast.” Just then the music, which had been playing furiously in the next room without any one paying attention to it, commenced “*Viens Poupoule*.” Francine drank the last sugared drops of her *café noir*, and pushing back her chair, rose, humming the air. “It is like home, this place,” she remarked to Jacques. She waved and smiled at Madame Gobin as they passed through the hall. Once in the street, she tucked her arm through the arm of Jacques. “Remember you what I said, Jacquot,” she whispered. “If you love me, it matters not whether I am good or bad. But the day when I am bad and you do not smile, I will know you love me no more; and then, Jacquot, it will be adieu, for, see you, there come times when I feel myself incorrigible.”

IX.

EDWARD DARLING leaned comfortably back in his chair and looked with pleasant chattiness over at Emmeline. He had enjoyed his supper—he was now about to enjoy an effortless hour with her. His mood was one of benign and masculine repletion. He blew the smoke from his cigar toward her, and his eyes slid inquiringly over to her sharp profile, as he patted his waistcoat with one contented hand. But there was that evening a certain irritable restlessness about Emmeline which eluded his pleasant expectancy and obstinately refused to answer his amicable overtures. In vain he tried to overcome the biting spaces in the conversation—spaces which widened perceptibly after each of his spasmodic attempts at sociability. Had she enjoyed the ball at the Young Girls’ Union? Business at the hotel was slow. There were less strangers in town than usual. Oh, by the way, had she seen

Miss Barrow lately. No—frigidly from Emmeline—she had not. Too bad—he became dreamily expansive. Such a nice little woman—with such an air. Well, perhaps not so pretty, but still with something pretty about her. Emmeline tossed her head and shrugged her shoulders. Every one to his taste, but she personally had her own opinion of Miss Barrow, which, seeing as Miss Barrow was a *friend* of Mr. Darling's, she did n't think she'd better say. Mr. Darling, mildly excited and disturbed, protested that Miss Barrow was not a friend, only an acquaintance, and that he had n't meant to—

Well, then—flounce of Emmeline's shoulders—well, then, she, for one, considered Miss Barrow a sly thing, and not at all nice. Mr. Darling, properly shocked, defended feebly the young lady whose character was being attacked. Emmeline, spitefully urged on by this masculine defense, remarked that there were many things she might tell if she chose to go tale-bearing, and she rocked firmly—the chair creaking with emphasis. Whereupon she proceeded to say exactly what she had always intended to say. No, Miss Barrow was not even what one might call respectable. Mr. Booty did n't seem in a hurry to marry her—which was n't surprising, and she, Emmeline, did n't think, privately, that Mr. Booty ever would, when it came right down to it.

At this point, however, Mr. Darling rose to take his leave. He was very much upset. His opinion had been severely shaken, and he felt sadly that another ideal had crashed to earth. He pressed Emmeline's hand quite tenderly for him, and went his way shaking his head. His New England blood ran white. There was no place in it for people—ladies—who were not nice, and he was exceedingly ruffled in mind because he had not known all this before.

Emmeline, left alone, turned down the gas, went over to the sofa, which on account of Mr. Tuller's absence that evening was empty, and, shaking the one cranberry-colored cushion upon it, disposed herself on the hard, shiny surface of the sofa proper. It was evident that, although the hour was late, she was not going to bed yet. It might well be that she was impressed with having the parlor all to herself, for Mr. and Mrs. Tuller had retired immediately after supper—Mrs. Tuller because she was really worn out, and Mr. Tuller because he had decided that bed would be a nice change to the sofa. The unwonted stillness of the house could easily have kept Emmeline wakeful, as she lay on the uncomfortable sofa with the gas flickering above her, and gave herself up to a mood of discontentment. Francine rankled persistently in the most sensitive spot of her being—the spot where vanity sunned itself. The mere fact of the French woman's coming to New York and deliberately, Emmeline told herself, making trouble, irritated her into a sharp sense of injury. She hated Francine in the first place for being existent, and she hated her in the second

place for being different from, say, herself. The whole cause of the trouble lay beyond Emmeline's perceptions, but she felt its presence as a nervous person in a dark room would feel the unseen. Had she been able to analyze it, it might have increased her anger. Briefly, where there had been one woman on the stage, there were now two, and the second, the new-comer, was fascinatingly different and unconscious that her arrival had stirred up the centre of the stage. Absorbed in the disagreeable course of these thoughts, vague as they were, she did not hear the outside door click, and not until it was closed with the unfortunate clumsiness of a man trying to avoid noise, did she realize that it was Mr. Booty returning from an evening with Francine. Then she jumped up from the sofa, smoothed her back hair, turned up the gas, and went out to the hall. Jacques, in the act of tiptoeing upstairs, started as she called him with her voice unaccustomedly low, "Mr. Booty."

"Why, Mademoiselle, *bon soir*. How it is nice to find you here!" He retraced his steps, politely covering his surprise at seeing Emmeline. Not that it was so late—only ten o'clock—but there were no signs of Mrs. Tuller, and Emmeline had never before— However, why not? The memory of Francine snuggled still warm and pink in his mind. He was yet excited from the promise he had given her so unexpectedly that evening. He was at peace with all the world of women. Also, since Francine disliked Emmeline, he assured himself that he must be nicer than ever to the poor girl, to make up for the rudeness of his little fiancée.

"I could n't sleep," explained Emmeline. "I forgot about your coming home, and I suppose this is very queer of me to call you back, but"—she leaned forward with an unwonted appeal in her voice—"I just had to talk to some one."

Jacques made a stiff little bow. "Too happy, I assure of you, Mademoiselle," he said, and he sat down opposite her. A clock on the mantel ticked its reproach for an ensuing silence.

"Does Miss Barrow like New York better now?" asked Emmeline, at last.

"She will like it," answered Jacques evasively.

"I went to see her, you know," continued Emmeline. "But, Mr. Booty"—her voice rose in hurt sweetness—"I have n't been since, because—"

"Because, Mademoiselle?" repeated Jacques after her.

"Because," said Emmeline, "I don't like to go to places where I'm not wanted."

"I hope, Mademoiselle," exclaimed Jacques, "that Francine did not—"

Emmeline shook her head. "Oh, no, no," she said. "I only felt

that I must explain why I have n't been more with her; but I never thrust myself on people, Mr. Booty."

Jacques looked distressed. He was decidedly displeased at Francine for being positive enough in her attitude towards Emmeline to have forced such a situation as this upon him. "Mademoiselle——" he began, but Emmeline interrupted him.

"The time I did go, we had *such* a nice talk about *you*," she said. Jacques smiled politely. "I thought," continued Emmeline, "that she might like me more if I talked about you. I only wanted to be friends on your account, Mr. Booty, but, well, she said things——"

"What could she have well said?" thought Jacques. "That little Francine, one never knows with her." "You say——" he interposed, as Emmeline hesitated, evidently expecting a question.

"I think it's just lovely of you, Mr. Booty," she went on, as if impelled to frankness, "the way you give that girl her own way."

Jacques raised his eyebrows in polite surprise. "But how that, Mademoiselle?" he asked.

"Well, as I say, we talked about you, and she told me how she got everything she wanted, and how you did everything she wished you to, and I think it's grand. Most girls would n't have a chance to boast like that."

The face of Jacques became red, his eyes frightened Emmeline, who had never before seen a Frenchman in a temper. He sprang to his feet. "She boasted herself?" he cried. "Of me—me? Mademoiselle, take care. If it is as you say——"

"Oh, mercy!" answered Emmeline. "Do sit down, Mr. Booty. I'm surprised at you. I did n't say she boasted; I said——"

"Yes, yes, then what did you mean?" Jacques tapped the floor with one nervous foot.

"It was only about marrying," Emmeline went on. "She got mad at me because, as I understood, I asked her if she was n't going to be married at New Year's. She told me she wanted it to be before that, so it would be, and I did think it was pretty nice of you to give her——"

"But I did not," cried Jacques, forgetting to be discreet. "It was just to-day I promised." He stopped, ashamed of himself, furious at Emmeline, who had surprised him into this outburst.

"You promised to-day? Well, I never!" Emmeline caught at his words eagerly. "It's none of my business, Mr. Booty, and I won't get any thanks for saying it, but you're surely spoiling her—letting her twist you around her little finger, and she laughing, perhaps, behind your back."

"If you please," said Jacques, holding up his hand—"if you please, Mademoiselle, it is enough."

"When had you promised?" inquired Emmeline, alive with vindictive curiosity.

But Jacques would no longer confide. He drew himself up very straight. "I beg your pardon, Mademoiselle, but that is between her and me. Only, you have badly understood. Francine and me, we will marry when I wish"—he struck his chest with one hand. "Me, see you? She is young—she talks too much. But it will not be until I think best. And for you, Mademoiselle, you will after this oblige me by no more speaking of Francine to me. I have the honor of bidding you good-night." He bowed and left the room. Emmeline stood tingling from head to foot with helpless temper. To be rebuked that way by a man—to have him leave her first. It was intolerable. With a vicious jerk, she put out the light and went up to her room.

Jacques sat by his window until late into the night, but he did not render himself account of the hours. To have Emmeline Tuller, whom he detested at present because of her insinuations, able to tell him that Francine boasted—boasted herself that she could do with him what she would. It was unbelievable. He reasoned no longer—he only felt himself hotly sore, angry at the ridiculous position in which she seemed to have placed him. But she should see that one does not lead a man by the end of the nose as easily as all that, and only to-night he had given in, and promised her. Ah, it was not the marriage. He loved her well—*allez*—and he would also be glad to marry her. But the principle—that word which he had learned, which every day had taught him, which the Tullers had taught him—since they and theirs were part of every day. To love her—yes—even when he was so angry—he loved her, his naughty Francine, but now to give her a lesson of holding her tongue, he would not marry her until it pleased him. There—he thumped his fist down on the window-sill. What was she doing now, he wondered. Ah, he knew—asleep, her pretty eyelashes curling on the soft cheek, the lips smiling just a little at the fête on Sunday—the day after to-morrow—and then the day of her birth—what he had promised to happen on that day. Yes, she would be smiling in her sleep; and in his cage by her side Cri Cri would be perched, a ball of yellow fluff. But it was impossible to be angry long with that witch. *La chère petite!* Nevertheless, she would not laugh at him. "What matters it if I am good or bad if you love me?" he heard her say, and he had promised to scold her no more. At least, until after the fête on Sunday, which her heart, so young, so light, was singing over. He would wait until Monday—then Monday perhaps— But it would have to come—the lesson. He shook his head, and began to undress himself. He was perplexed, for he knew well that he had relented a little of his anger. But, *que Diable*—he was still displeased, very displeased, and he would not be

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led by the nose. *Non—non—non!* He climbed into bed. The face of Francine, her eyes full of tears, but her adorable mouth smiling, came before him, and he buried his face in the pillows. This America—this America—what a place for trouble—*mon Dieu!*

X.

It was truly a day of fête. The world was a cup of red, blue, and yellow, filled with the wine of September, from which one drank the joy of living. They were four who, upon that Sunday morning, left the city behind them—left the tall buildings, gold in the sun, crisply cut against the sky, the gray, elastic streets, the long, firm shadows of the roofs, the procession, nervous, animated, of the beings who would soon throw themselves like colored beads on those streets and roll and roll by ones and twos through their Sunday promenades. But these four—you divine easily who they were, not so?—would have none of the city. For them it was a day of fête in the country, and they were happy—*Ciel*, how they were happy!—in approaching that country. There was, of course, Madame Gobin, who smiled in every corner of her large, kind face, in every fold of her best black dress, and her bonnet had a plume in it which nodded when she moved as if it were saluting its neighbors, saying, "See how fine I am in honor of the day. See the *beau Monsieur* who walks beside me." And the skirts of Madame Gobin, how they whispered among themselves as she walked, "Sh-sh-sh, we are of silk, of silk." It was indeed a *beau Monsieur* who offered his arm to this Madame Gobin—one Monsieur Pierre, dressed in an elegant costume of dark gray, the waistcoat white, the shoes shining like pieces of twenty *francs*, and a hat of gray felt which held itself a little on one side of his head. And Jacques—what had he done, Jacques? One no longer would recognize him—this *joli garçon*, dressed in the black coat edged off with braid, the wide flowing tie, the soft hat like that of Monsieur Pierre, the shoes pointed. There, hanging on his arm as if she would never let go, was Francine—a little *bonbon* of a woman. One could well crunch her in a mouthful. The sky was in her eyes, the sun played on her cheeks and marked them with its pink fingers, her lips were the color of red apples. She wore very happily the dress in which she had landed, with the red hat and a red bow at her throat, and, for the last touch, a charming red parasol.

Behold, then, the four, in a train, which brought them quickly to the station, where the farm-wagon of Madame Pouffard, and Madame Pouffard herself, awaited them. Puffing and panting, the train stopped at last and allowed them to descend. They stayed a moment bewildered on the station platform, but as soon as they saw Madame Pouffard all went well. Madame Pouffard was one of those widows,

wisely philosophical, who seem never to have cried. She had black, wiry hair, snapping black eyes, the shadow of a black mustache—just the shadow, you understand—and, for the rest, a figure which was as plump as the chickens on her farm.

They met each other joyously. "Enchanted, Madame." "Very happy, Madame." "Charmed to have the honor, Mademoiselle."

"*Monsieur, bien le bonjour.*" "What a good idea you had there, my dear Pierre," etc., etc.

Already Francine, like a bird which flies out of its cage, laughed and sang. The country—how it sparkled in the sun, and hummed from all the insects in the grass and smelled sweet like a big bouquet. The apple-trees swirled their branches in graceful circles low to the ground, the apples, red, purple, yellow, hanging heavily from their stems, seemed to be melting in the sunshine—always the sunshine, and the air around the fallen fruit was drunk itself with the scent of cider, the goldenrod waved its crisp stalks by the roadside; the corn, tall and sturdy, advanced in green-clad armies across the fields; everything that grew and lived in all that land turned clear-cut profiles looking outwards, with hands uplifted, as if blessing a distant, unseen Creator.

The farm when it was reached, at last, was attended by still more exclamations of joy. Francine whispered excitedly to Jacques, "I desire to be married here, on my birthday—yes, Jacquot? Shall we ask now Madame Pouffard?" And Jacques, who wished not to think of such things, answered, "Let us leave to-day without arrangements for the future. Let us be children, as in the other days of which you speak so often."

"But, Jacquot," persisted Francine, and quickly a tiny cloud came to her face, "not a word—when it is so near?"

"Yes, yes, *ma petite*, but do me this pleasure. I wish to think of nothing—nothing—but you and our fête. If we spoke to Madame Pouffard, it would be questions, answers, do I know, me?" and with a kiss stolen behind an apple-tree when no one looked, he silenced the little Francine. He had not forgotten the night when Emmeline had talked so plainly, nor his trouble and perplexity over it. But now he wished a day without thought or sorrow. To-morrow would be Monday—his work would begin in earnest—but to-day it must be only—Francine, love, and pleasure.

Soon Francine was gay again. Then Ffine Pouffard came—pretty, that little one there—big brown eyes and lashes which curled themselves like acrobats, a skin of strawberries in the month of May, teeth white as grains of corn, and a little figure good to see, but mostly hidden by the blue checked apron which she wore. Smiling timidly, she greeted the guests. Ffine was a real little French girl. Her

mother explained that to Madame Gobin, who listened, the air absorbed, nodding her head approvingly. "See you, Madame, I do not bring up my Fifine as an American, although she is born here. The young girls of America please me not—they are too free. Fifine shall obey me until she is married, and then"—Madame Pouffard waved her hand—"then it will depend on her husband, not so?"

"Ah, you have reason, Madame," said Madame Gobin importantly, "and for that, so much depends upon the husband. What say you, Monsieur Pierre?"

Pierre joined with pleasure in the conversation. "It is the husband who makes the pot boil," he said.

Madame Gobin tossed her head. "You think? But, after all, the contents of the pot are most important." She was happy, the good Madame Gobin, to talk with Pierre and to show him that she was not so *bête* as some.

Now Madame Pouffard began to get ready the *déjeuner*. There arrived other clients, the hour of eating made itself felt among the hungry ones. In the small kitchen with the big stove, Madame Pouffard busied herself, and odors savourous of cooking invaded the air. She had with her to help, Auguste, an old Dutchman—what a droll creature, that Auguste, the face round and flaming red, the eyes buttons, losing themselves in the rolls of the cheek, the expression well fed—a *réclame*, indeed, for Madame Pouffard. Fifine was in the dining-room, a long, narrow apartment with a door at each end, and three windows on the side. In it there was just place for the one oblong table, covered with oilcloth, and the wooden benches around it. At one extremity of this table Francine, Jacques, Madame Gobin, and Pierre installed themselves. At the other, sat a man with his two children—two little red heads, the noses in their plates, who ate until their little bodies nearly cracked, while, as you can imagine, their father held himself not far behind them. He was French also, but he sat apart—a cap pulled over his eyes, a big red handkerchief knotted around his throat. With his enormous hands he cut huge trenches of French bread and French cheese, which he divided among his children, and he drank his wine in great gulps until the bottle was empty. The *déjeuner* was good—I promise you. There was first melon and tomatoes and ham for the *hors d'œuvres*; then a ragout which melted in one's mouth; roast chicken, succulent and tender, with *salad chiffonné*, cheese, and coffee. Every one spoke at once while eating, and there were noisy laughs accompanying the clatter of the dishes, a touching of glasses, *bon mots* from Pierre, "*l'impayable*," little fluttering motions from Francine as she sat next her Jacques, pushing the tip of her tiny shoe against his long, pointed one under the table, where no one could see. Madame Pouffard

came and went, Fifine came and went, bearing the dishes, serving, smiling, opening bottles of wine. The voices mixed themselves joyously together. "One eats well here, Pierre, *hein?*"

"I believe you, *mon cher.*"

"It is as good as your old café, *mon garçon.*"

"Ah, *la tante*, many felicitations on this chicken, which is excellent."

"Say me, did you ever ask a chicken before she was cooked what kind of gravy she would prefer?" and every one laughed.

"Jacquot, taste a little of this from my fork, see. It is sugared, you say? It is nice of you."

"Francine, you do not touch your bread. Little birds like bread. Why do you not then eat it?"

"Monsieur Pierre, permit me to offer you this bone."

"That man over there has the nose of a Cyrano, not so?"

"Sh—he will hear."

"And if he does, could he change it?"

"Eh, the aunt, she is made the salad?"

"Better than you could make her, *mon Pierre.*"

"Mademoiselle, to your health. Say, if you are a giraffe and drink some wine, and you feel it go down, down, down (ah, it is good, this), you would get your money's worth."

"But if it should grow fatigued of running down and stop in the middle?"

"A little cognac for the *café*, Madame, please. You have bottles over there for an army."

And like this, like that, they talked until the last crumb had disappeared. Then they rose a bit heavily from their benches. Auguste, wearing an apron of Madame Pouffard, stood over a shining tin pan and washed the dishes, his face redder than ever from the heat of the kitchen.

Behind the house there were a few trees and rocks. Every one repaired to the shade of these trees. The two men laid themselves flat on their backs, put handkerchiefs over their eyes, and, for a little half-hour, slept. But the women talked in low voices. Madame Pouffard joined them and spoke with many gestures and nods of her head. "It is well enough," she said, "but the people here do not know how to amuse themselves. Now, there is the drinking—they hide themselves sometimes behind the doors to drink; they put the bottles in their pockets. I have often seen them, the brutes. It is shameful. But where I come from—me, Lyons, it is different. Yes, there the mother, the father, the children, drink their wine nicely with their repasts. They laugh—they joke—they are all together. What would you?—here is where the money comes—it passes hands

quickly. One is millionaire in a day, and pauper in a night. *Ma foi*, there are those who prefer to be millionaire to amusing themselves. It is not always them, neither, who are happy."

"But then men," said Francine, "they love this America. Jacques, he will no more return."

"Oh, for that, *chère Mademoiselle*," answered Madame Pouffard, "one of these days he will return. You will see. When great happiness or great sadness falls upon him, he will want his own country."

"For me," said the good Madame Gobin, who had been waving her hands over the head of Pierre to prevent a few flies from tormenting him, "for me, I have nothing to complain myself of. There are times when I find it a little lonely, but it is that the life."

"And me too," cried Francine—"I find it lonely when Jacques is not near me. If it were not for Jacques, never, never could I live here."

Soon Pierre opened one eye. "*Tiens*, I have been asleep. Eh, this sluggard here—wake up." He shook Jacques. Then Madame Pouffard produced an old tennis ball. "*Houp là!*" she cried, throwing it at Pierre, who caught it easily. So they played ball like children. Francine was a picture, standing, her pretty face shining in the sun, her arms held out to receive the ball. Madame Gobin, puffing a little from the exercise, soon sat down again, and Pierre came to sit beside her. "*Mignonne*, the little one," he remarked, watching Francine.

"Yes, but she makes my heart hurt," answered Madame Gobin. "She laughs now, she is rose with the pleasure, but sometimes when I go to her little room I find her sitting alone, talking to her canary; and she seems all sad, not so pink as now, and her eyes, they bring tears to mine. It is as if she were in prison."

"All will be well when they are married."

"To be married is nice, certainly," said Madame Gobin, smiling at Pierre. "But I ask of myself. She is a flower of spring, that Francine. They are delicate, the flowers of spring. They need sun, sun, always sun."

"You have the heart big, Madame Gobin," exclaimed Pierre, of a sudden moving closer. Madame Gobin became red with happiness.

During this time Madame Pouffard had gone into the house, so the game of ball came to an end, and Francine and Jacques wandered off hand in hand into the little wood near by. "Jacquot, if every day could be fête," said Francine.

"Then, *chérie*, we would not enjoy them so much."

"I would, Jacquot."

"And the world—it would stop, for there would be no more any work."

"And if the world stopped, Jacquot, now at this beautiful hour, I should be happy."

"Francine, you have the soul of a child. You do not recognize the responsibilities."

"For what good? It is so simple. Look you, Jacquot, at that blue sky—has it a care in its day? How light blue it is—how it floats above us! See also that golden flower, and that tree—breathe the air! Have they a care? *Non*—they bloom, they live, they are happy. They die—yes—but it is not so bad to die, when it grows cold and dark and there is no more place for one. Since they are beautiful now. Jacquot I love to live like the sky, the flowers. I love to be here. Why have responsibilities—villainous things?"

"*Ma petite*, you are incorrigible. It is true that it is simple, but one cannot continue so easily to be simple."

"Me," went on Francine—"me, I cannot change myself. I am like Cri Cri, without care; and, oh, *mon Dieu*, Jacquot, I have forgotten to tell you, Cri Cri is not well. I am wicked, for you and this day had made me forget."

"Cri Cri was well only yesterday."

Francine shook her head sorrowfully. "You do not know him," she said. "He was not himself yesterday, and last night he regarded me so sadly, so sadly. He was quiet, he had an air sick; and to-day, when I left him, he was not singing as of ordinary. Oh, Jacques"—she seized his arm, and her little face became drawn and anguished—"it makes me cold. If Cri Cri should be sick, really sick! He is my friend, you know, and also my *porte-bonheur*. I have said that I shall be happy only while he lives."

"Francine, that is ridiculous. Think, then! A canary? They cannot live forever, canaries. You will not be so childish, I beg of you."

"It is different with Cri Cri," persisted Francine. "He is not like other canaries. The old Madame Besnard who gave him to me said, 'Here, *ma petite*, is one who will sing with you. Care for him well, for while he sings, you too will sing,' and I am like that, superstitious, if you will."

Jacques touched her cheek gently with his hand. "What a child!" he repeated.

"Jacquot, when we are married I shall be old, so old, old as Madame Gobin."

"You will never be old."

"But when I am married I shall be good."

"You will never be good."

"Jacquot, do not tease me. On my birthday, I shall have twenty-one years. Such a happy day it will be! Shall we——?"

Jacques put one finger to her lips. "Softly," he said. "Children do not speak of such things."

"I wish no more to play, Jacquot."

"The day of fête is still here—and you promised."

"But it grows dark. See, the light is leaving the hills. The sky, how beautiful it is! Count the colors, Jacquot. There is the pink, and that violet—you see it behind the trees—and oh, it is red there, red like wine."

"Come, we must depart, *chérie*. Our train, we will miss it. Madame Gobin calls us. You hear her?"

"Jacquot, I want not to go."

"Come, *chérie*."

"Jacquot, let us not answer."

"Come, *chérie*."

"*Mes enfants*, where are you hiding?" It was the voice of Madame Gobin.

"*Allons*, then," said Francine slowly.

It grew dark quickly. Madame Pouffard, Fifine, and Auguste stood in the doorway, with a lamp shining behind them, and waved "*Au revoir*."

No one spoke much on the train going back. Madame Gobin was tired; Pierre was tired; Jacques was pensive; Francine put her head on his shoulder and slept. Arrived at last at the door of Madame Gobin, Jacques kissed Francine good-night. "You can have your supper with Madame Gobin, *ma chérie*. She will make you a cup of coffee, and a little omelet, perhaps—not so, Madame? To-morrow I begin my regular hours at the theatre, so I must sleep early to-night. I will come in the morning. We will lunch together. *Bon soir, ma petite*. Be good."

The little Francine went up the stairs to her room. There was no sound in the room. The matches—where were they? On the bureau. Cri Cri did not move in his cage. Perhaps he was asleep. The gas—tiptoe she lighted it. Then she turned to see Cri Cri. *Mon Dieu—mon Dieu*—he lay at the bottom of his cage, his little feet stiff, his eyes closed! *Mon Dieu—mon Dieu!* Cri Cri was dead!

XI.

CRI CRI was dead. All that night, all the next morning, Francine sat beside the cage, looking down at the stiff little body of her bird, and she cried, the poor Francine, she cried grievously: "He will sing no more—he will sing no more."

Madame Gobin came early in the morning. "*Pauvre petite*, come, cry no more," she had said, her own eyes full of sympathetic tears. She was very good, Madame Gobin, although she did not really understand.

With her big hand she caressed softly the bowed head of Francine. Then Jacques came—came up the stairs this time to the room, took Francine in his arms, and tried to comfort her.

"Do not cry so," he too said. "I will buy you another, I promise you."

Buy her another Cri Cri! *Non*, decidedly he, neither, did not understand. "Would you buy another friend if you lost one of yours?" she sobbed.

"But have I not said a canary cannot live always?"

"Cri Cri is my *porte-bonheur*, Jacquot. *Mon Dieu*, he is dead, he will sing no more. What will arrive to me?"

At the end Jacques lost his patience a little. All that grief over a bird—does one do those things there? Furthermore, it arrived the hour of *déjeuner*. "Put on your hat, *chérie*. We will go to the Lamartine."

"I will not eat."

"Francine, you have cried enough for twenty birds. I pray of you, *chérie*—it becomes you not."

"It makes nothing."

"Come, *ma belle*."

"Jacquot, I have fear."

"Fear of what?"

"Of everything. I feel a weight on my heart."

"I shall remove it, but come to *déjeuner*."

"Jacquot, now that Cri Cri has gone, do you still love me?"

"But yes—*petite imbecile*."

"I figured to myself always when Cri Cri sang no more——"

"Finish, *mignonne*. Come to *déjeuner*."

"*Non, non*, you go, Jacquot."

"If I go, I cannot see you again until to-morrow. They have called another rehearsal this afternoon."

"Jacquot, do not go to it."

"But it must be."

"Return to me after lunch."

"Francine, *chérie*, you are very difficult."

"Then you will not?"

"I cannot."

"*Mon Dieu*, what to do?"

"Be reasonable." He kissed her tenderly. "I like not to leave you, *ma chérie*, but it will pass, this sadness. I regret much Cri Cri, too—only, I feel that it is foolish to mourn him as if he were my brother."

"I must be alone, then?"

"Perhaps Madame Gobin will stay with you."

"I want not Madame Gobin."

"Francine, we must bury Cri Cri."

"I keep him just for to-day, Jacquot—just to-day, until to-night. Then I will put him in a box, the box which held the roses you sent me only two days ago; and oh, Jacquot, in all this city, so cold, so gray, where can we find a place to put the little Cri Cri, so soft, so yellow?"

"Do not disquiet yourself, *chérie*. I will arrange it."

"Say, Jacquot, can we not bury him in the country, near the house of Madame Pouffard?"

"It is that. Yes, near the house of Madame Pouffard. *Au revoir* now, *bien aimée*. I depart. Really, you will not come?"

"My eyes, Jacquot, they are red. I cannot stop the tears. No, you go, and tell Madame Gobin, whom you will find in her room, that I want only a cup of tea."

Then he left her, for he had much hunger, and, after all, a man cannot sit for long crying like a child over a dead canary.

The day passed. Cri Cri reposed now in the box which had held roses. No more would the air vibrate joyously from his songs; no more would the sun, shining through the window, illuminate his yellow plumage.

Near five o'clock some one tapped on the door. Who could it well be? Some one entered. "I was just passing," said a voice, "so I thought I'd drop in. Why, you've been crying. What's the matter?" It was Emmeline—Emmeline who advanced curiously into the room, throwing quick, investigating glances around her. Francine, too tired by then to be displeased at seeing any one, answered without ill will:

"Cri Cri, my bird, he is died."

Emmeline sat down, smoothing out her skirt carefully over her knees. Then she looked at Francine emotionlessly. "The canary?" she said. "Good thing, I should think. Town's no place for pets." Her eyes alighted all of a sudden on the open box, with Cri Cri lying in a bed of soft cotton inside it. "Mercy!" she cried affectedly. "That nasty dead bird in your room? I never heard of such a thing. It makes me sick. For Heaven's sake, Miss Barrow, why have n't you thrown him away?"

Francine stood, one hand on the box, her eyes, the tears gone, blazing furiously, her voice trembling. "My Cri Cri!" she said. "Throw away? You have the heart of stone to say such thing."

Emmeline rose from her chair. "I might have known what to expect," she said. "I just came to tell you, as a friend, something I heard. I thought you ought to be told. But the idea of all this fuss over a wretched bird—calling me names, too."

The heart of Francine grew cold, the head hot. Madame Gobin had not understood about Cri Cri, but she was any way sympathetic; Jacques had not understood, but he had any way loved her; but this—this woman whom she hated coming now, coming with her hard face and her sharp eyes—how dared she—dared she? Francine put out one small finger which trembled as she pointed to the door. “I have not ask you here,” she said. “It is the end of your ugly nose what you push into everything. Depart!”

“I’ll go when I get good and ready, though Lord knows you don’t deserve to be warned,” said Emmeline angrily.

“I want never more to see you. You are ugly like a monkey,” Francine retorted.

Emmeline sniffed. “Ugly,” she repeated—“ugly indeed. Well, there’s some who’d rather be ugly than not respectable.” She had not meant to go that far, but Francine, as she stood there now, with the face, the clothes, the manner, so different from her—Emmeline—Francine with her accent, her broken English, her whole blazing little person directed against her—Emmeline—was irritating, maddening, beyond discretion.

“*Mais vous osez, vous osez!*” Francine had returned to her native tongue. It poured out over Emmeline, it flowed faster and faster—each strange word almost translating itself by its force and inflection.

Emmeline was stung and goaded. Her resentment at what she felt to be overwhelming her grew more and more spiteful beneath this torrent of incoherent French. “Don’t you abuse me in your rotten old language,” she said, when she could speak at all. “Don’t you dare. Yes, Miss, not respectable, and I mean it.” She stared insolently at Francine.

Francine, walking close up to her, demanded, “What mean you?”

“You’re a nice one,” continued Emmeline, and each word snapped. “Who knows who you are? It’s easy enough to tell with all your ways what you are.”

“I am going to tell Jacques, and he will kill you, you—cat!”

Francine sobbed with rage.

“Cat indeed,” said Emmeline, who grew calmer as Francine excited herself. “Mr. Booty kill me?” Emmeline laughed disagreeably. “I guess if you knew what I know about your Booty, you would n’t be so sure about getting him to kill decent people.”

“Go away, or I throw you at the door!” cried Francine.

“I’m going, don’t worry. I only came to say this: if I was you, I’d have more pride than to go around begging people to marry me—that’s all. I meant to warn you as a friend.”

The face of Francine stiffened, her little body bent forward. “You lie,” she said.

"Lie? Indeed! Well, all I know is, your Mr. Booty told me so."

"Jacques—Jacquot!"

"Yes, Miss—Jack. And, what's more, he won't marry you until he gets good and ready. He told me so. I bet you he'll take his time, too. Only Friday night he came back pestered to death, the poor man. You'd made him promise, he said, but he was n't going to till he got good and ready. Serves you right. I was going to tell you for your own good, but now I don't care a rap—not a rap," she added defiantly.

"I believe not you."

"All right, you'll see for yourself. Now I'll go."

Francine was before her, standing in the door. "*Méchante!* Ever since I arrive, you been making things over me. You are lying, do you understand?"

"Let me go, you spitfire."

"You have insult me."

"Let me go."

"Not respectable, me—me? No one shall ever call me that. Jacques marry me in *deux semaines*—two weeks, one—two—see?"

"He won't! Let me go, or I'll scream."

Then Francine did something which one lady does not do to another: she slapped Emmeline hard twice, slapped her on the cheek. "*Là là là*, when I see you again, I hit you again—always. Go—go now—cat!" The door slammed as she pushed Emmeline out and stepped back into the room. Sobbing now was the little Francine—trembling and sobbing. "Oh, *mon Dieu*, how she is *méchante*—how I detest her! It is not true—Jacques does not speak so of me. And the things she said—that animal—the things! Cri Cri who lies there and sings no more—it begins, it commences already. They did not understand—they did not! What to do—what to do! The hour is late. It must be that I see him to-night—at once—that he tells me. He would not speak of it yesterday. It comes to me now. Why—why, I ask of myself? My hat, where is it? *Quel malheur!* I shall run—I shall run to him. Ah, Cri Cri, if you were only singing! No, it is not possible that he should have spoken so of me to that—that woman. If he did——" Francine stopped—stopped short in the middle of the room. "Then it is finished, for I will not marry me to a man who speaks to other women of me, like that." Out of the room, down the stairs, on to the street grown dark and cold, walking as fast as she could, went Francine. There were little aches in her throat, in her head; aches that throbbed and choked. Her hands opened and closed themselves; she breathed rapidly. At last she reached the Lamartine. There was the big window of the café. Behind

it, the tables stood. She slowed her steps a little, and her eyes sought eagerly the figures seated at the tables. No, Jacques was not among them. But he might arrive—surely he might dine there before going to the theatre. It was six o'clock. Soon he would have to come if he came at all.

Of a sudden she saw some one who approached down the street, some one who carried a violin, and who seemed in a hurry. It was Jacques! She ran to him. "Jacques!"

"Francine!" He did not seem so glad to see her. "Francine, what brings you here at this hour, and alone, too, in the streets?"

"Jacquot, it must be that I speak to you."

"What, then, is it? Still Cri Cri?"

"No, not poor Cri Cri. More than that, Jacquot."

"Come, then, in, while I eat my dinner."

"Non, Jacquot, not with those lights and people. Walk a little moment down the street with me."

"And my dinner?"

"Afterwards you shall have it."

"And the repetition?"

"You shall be a little late."

"I cannot. Think you the whole piece awaits for one of the musicians?"

"Then it will continue without you."

"But, *mon Dieu*, tell me quick what this is all about, Francine."

"Ah, you are impatient! You think more of your dinner than you do of me. I understand. You love me no more. Perhaps, then, you love the Tuller—perhaps she is right."

"Francine!"

"Yes—Francine. Have you spoken of me to her—that animal? Answer me! Have you told her you would only marry me when it pleased you? Answer me!"

"I wish not for you to address me that way, Francine."

"It is always what you desire. Listen. She came to me—me who was so sad to-day—she came to repeat to me things which you had said—hear you? She told me that I had begged you to marry me, that you had told her so. I was coming to you now to see you grow furious, too—you—at her. I thought you would wish to kill her. But you stand there still. Is it true, then?"

"I forbid you to excite yourself, Francine. How can I know if it is true when you talk so fast I cannot understand you?"

"I hit her, though, your Tuller."

"You hit her, Francine? You hit Mademoiselle Tuller?"

"Yes—*eh bien*, yes, I tell you. Can you not hear? Did you say you would not marry me until you chose—yes or no?"

"Francine, you go too far. You deserve to be punished. Made-moiselle Tuller told me you boasted yourself to her of me, and how you could do with me what you would, and I told her I was master—understand, me—me. Now I am fatigued of these things. I like not your ways. You throw yourself against every custom and habit here, as if you wished to displease me. Return to your room. To-morrow we will speak of this."

"The habits here? Oh, how this place has changed you! You are cold like the streets, hard like the people. You talk of them; you wish to be one of them. But you cannot—you cannot. In the blood, you are French. You are only cruel to me, and you have not the excuse of being an American. It breaks me, this country, and you with it—you break me. She said I boasted myself, and you have believe her—you!"

"But you believed what she said of me."

"Because it was true, not so? Now you send me back to my room like a child because you do not wish to show me the truth. But I will not go."

"Calm yourself, Francine. It is not true, all that."

"It is not? Then you will show her—that woman, and marry me to-morrow?"

"I cannot marry you to-morrow, Francine. Be reasonable."

"For why?"

"Because it would not be good to submit to your caprice this way."

"Then you will not?"

"I supplicate of you to be reasonable, *chérie*."

"It is always you who are reasonable since you came to this New York. Every one here is reasonable but me—and me, I am not reasonable. If she lied, that creature, then I want to laugh to her nose, see you—to snap my fingers at her. No, we must marry to-morrow."

"It is impossible."

"Then she told the truth?"

"What a child!"

"No, a child no more. Do you love me?"

"But yes."

"Then do as I desire."

"That—*non*."

Francine came close up to him. The street was dark and deserted. No one was in sight. "For the last time."

"Francine, this is ridiculous. You have caused me to miss my dinner. I shall be late for the theatre. I cannot even take you back to your room, and it is not well that you should be on the streets alone. Go into the café and ask Madame Gobin to give you a little of dinner, and to take care of you."

"Jacques, do you know where I am going?"

"Where I tell you."

"*Non*, I am going to your room."

"You are crazy."

"As you wish. Nevertheless, I am going. When you return I shall be there."

"Will you not say things like that?"

"I say the truth. Then the Tuller will see. Know you that she also accused me of not being respectable? Ah, you frown now? *Eh bien*, what think you of that?"

"I will arrange with her for to have dared——"

"Then, to show her, marry me to-night."

"*Non*."

"Then I go to your room. You return—you find me—you have to marry me."

"If you disobey me, I shall put you on the next boat which leaves for France."

"How you must love me to say that!"

"But in the end, Francine, you are impossible. See, it is late. I cannot permit myself to be late for the theatre. I must leave you, Francine. I beg of you—I pray of you, do not force me——"

"It is you who force me. Ah, Jacquot, I love you—I detest you—I—do I even know which? My head goes in circles."

"There, *ma chérie*, you are fatigued—nervous. It will be well in the end. Tomorrow——" He put down his violin on the street and tried to take her in his arms."

"Jacquot, I shall be in your room."

"Francine, I forbid you."

"You have fear of Tuller!"

"I forbid you."

"I shall be there, and you shall then marry me."

"I shall send you back, Francine. I no longer joke."

"Nor me."

"Remember you what I say, Francine. Oh, be good, *ma chérie*. It tears my heart to leave you, but I must."

"Jacquot!"

"Francine, obey me. Do not force me——" and he had gone.

XII.

SLOWLY down the street, by the Café Lamartine, went the little Francine. Everything seemed as before—the lights, the people inside the café, the music which played now faintly "*Viens Poupoule*." She could just hear a note at intervals, always a familiar note, of the air she had sung so often. But the friendship of the music hurt

her to the heart. It was like the music of a fête when one is outside the gates. After she had passed the café, she felt as if she had left the only bright, warm place in all the city. No—a thousand times, she would not go in. She would show Jacques that she was not a child, to be commanded to obey. He would send her back to France if she disobeyed him, he had said. A quick joy came to her—Paris again! But, then, he had not said he would go with her; and Paris without Jacques, without Cri Cri—she caught her breath in a sob. But to stay here—to wait still for days, to have that grenadier of a woman laugh at her, and then to be married! The unknown, the afterward, terrified her heart of a bird, and it beat for a moment with its wings against its cage. Mademoiselle Tuller would not disappear like a wicked spirit—the New York would not melt into warm sunshine—the life itself would not change, and the principle—that word so hated—would be with them in their *ménage*. No fêtes, no parties, no joyous irresponsibilities! Ah, *là là*, how it would be hard! And Jacques, did he love her like he used to?—for in the end, when a man loves really a woman, he does not reason, he does not scold, he does not compare her with other women.

She reached at last her room. She tried to sit quietly, to think of nothing, but the unwonted stillness of the room opposed itself heavily against even a brief forgetfulness. Cri Cri had always saved Francine from that sense of absolute isolation which now terrified her. It was Cri Cri who by his constant flutterings had given the note of companionship so vital to her. Her eyes rested involuntarily on the box which held his poor little body. She could not bear to look at it long. It made her want to cry, until the heat of approaching tears burned at the back of her eyes and made them ache. Then, like an exclamation-point, the little black mask caught her distressed and wandering gaze. It was hanging on the bureau, empty, too, like Cri Cri's cage. She went suddenly over to it, took it down, and put it over her eyes. How it changed her face—the little black mask! Ah, it needed smiles, not tears, to wear such a thing becomingly! She let it drop to the floor. For what good? Then the words of Emmeline came singing back to her mind—cruel, wicked words, flung at her from the thin mouth, so cold and ugly. Bah! Francine shook her shoulders, as if to rid herself of the memory. A passionate anger stirred in her heart. It tossed her about like a flower in the sudden winds of emotion. How Jacques would feel superior and important when he came home that night and found that she had obeyed him! Who knows, then, when it would please him to marry her! How the Tuller would laugh!

Probably he would tell her this, too. They would no doubt talk together about her—Francine. Perhaps Jacques wanted her to dis-

obey him, so that he could send her back and marry the Tuller. The thought of this possibility flamed into quick life, causing her to cry out as if some one had physically hurt her. But no—she would not give them such a chance. She would stay and obey him just to spite the other woman. If she did nothing else to displease him, he would have to marry her. But, after all, whether she stayed or went, obeyed or disobeyed, she would not count more than a leaf blown to the north or to the south. She felt herself desperately light, desperately little; the uselessness of choice, when the results would crush in any case, swept over her frail spirit. The winds were upon her, blowing her onwards.

Suddenly, almost hysterically, she began to sweep her small possessions in a heap onto the bed. Then she pulled at the trunk under the bed and dragged it out. In the realization of her helplessness had come a frantic desire to escape. She must take her things with her—they were all she had left. The books first, the pictures, the slippers so *coquet*, meant only for trotting beside her Jacques; the dresses—that one he had liked. She kissed it, before pushing it rudely into the trunk. Whether it was *chiffonnée* or not, it mattered nothing. One article after the other—all had their associations, tender, soft, joyous. All went in the trunk.

The room was bare now of the accessories which had rendered it so charming. There was nothing but the empty cage of Cri Cri hanging in the window. Francine detached it and stood it on the top of her trunk. Then she sank into a chair beside it and covered her face with her hands. She was ready, her things were ready—she must go. But where—where to go? Now it was all finished, her impulse of flight, tired by its exertion, fluttered helplessly in her mind, while from the nest of all her instincts another rose and flew direct to her heart. She must see Jacques again—in spite of the Tuller, in spite of everything. Why not, then, disobey and go to his room—why not see him before she went away for always? She pushed back her chair and stood looking down at Cri Cri's cage. "I think that, since we will sing no more," she said, "nothing I can do will matter." She went out of the room hastily, without glancing back. Never before had she been alone in the streets of New York at this hour. She was afraid. A nostalgia possessed her, a longing which pierced and cut and shook her, for Jacques, for the arms of Jacques, for the voice of Jacques. She hurried on, her little feet hardly sounding on the pavement.

It never occurred to her what she would say when she came to the Tuller house—how she would explain. Ah, there was the street! She remembered the first night when so confident, on the arm of Jacques, she had walked down it.

It happened that Mr. Tuller was alone, on this particular evening. Tilted back in his chair on the doorstep, he slept, oblivious to the chill night air. The door was open behind him.

Francine approached. It seemed natural and possible to her that no one should be there to interfere. She knew well the room of Jacques. Had he not told her often upon what floor it was, and all the details which she had demanded concerning it? Silent and light, she stepped by the unconscious Mr. Tuller. No one was in the hall, no one was on the stairs. The second floor—ah, they were long, those stairs, and narrow! At last the door—she could not mistake it. She opened it softly. Inside, the gas was turned down to a point—she could hardly see. Going over to it, and standing tiptoe, she turned it up just a bit, enough to distinguish the objects in the room. There was a force in the air as of a thousand invisible tongues whispering messages from Jacques. The place was filled with his things, redolent with the faint odor of his cigarettes. Soon the detail of it all emerged from the blur of the whole. She noticed a pipe lying on the bureau. Did he smoke that thing there—the ugly black thing? Never in Paris would he have smoked a pipe. She went about the room touching the things lightly. She saw a picture on the table. She walked swiftly over to it, took it up, and carried it beneath the gas-jet. It was a picture of Emmeline. She tore it in two with a sudden violent gesture, and threw the pieces on the floor. The brutality of this action brought to consciousness her practical senses. How angry Jacques would be, how very angry, when he came home and found her! She grew cold with an advance fear of his eyes, his voice. Yes, he would send her away, alone. Then, indeed, Mademoiselle Tuller would laugh. He would no more love her. Why had she come—why had she disobeyed him? Then the picture of the little room she had left came before her. There was no place for her anywhere. *Dieu*, but she was tired of crying! Some day, perhaps, Jacques would go back to France—some day when he found how cruel was this New York. But it could never be the same again—never. Between them lay the new—the new ideas of life.

Francine shook her head. How simple it would be if Jacques would come with her! But *non*—it was not possible. The things in his room looked at her with such cold faces. They did not seem to recognize her. Even the picture of herself, by his bed, appeared to be that of a stranger—still, she was glad to see it there. Ah, that dear Jacques—she had given him much trouble—a little light thing, too, like her, so different from what he desired her to be. It would be sweet never to have him displeased with her again, for him always to be as he was that last Sunday, when everything was so beautiful. But how easy it was! Why had she not thought of it before? Like

the blue sky, the flowers, the passing things which one remembered tenderly when they had gone—why could she not also slip away, and yet leave herself in his heart? A sudden idea spread and glowed like a sunset in her small being. Eagerly she looked around—a paper, a pencil—yes.

JACQUOT [she wrote]:

You will not send me away, for I am going, so that I may stay always, always with you. I love you. Will you, perhaps, understand and go back some day to the country where we were so happy together? I am bad for the last time now, Jacquot—and it is because I love you that I am bad.

Your

FRANCINE.

She laid this letter on his bureau, then softly she turned out the gas—she felt somehow as if she would like to leave the room in darkness.

There were steps on the stairs. She would wait until they had passed. No one should see her go from the room. Furthermore, it must be late—she had forgotten to consider the time. She stood still and waited. The room seemed to embrace her gently with its darkness. She was grateful to it for its shadows. She felt Jacques near her, and there was no reproach in his farewell.

The steps now in the hall approached the door. *Dieu!* if it were Jacques! The thought flashed suddenly to her mind. She had not dreamed of that—she had nothing prepared for such an event. Weak and fluttering with quick-throated fear, like a startled caged bird clings to its bars, she shrank tremulously—a small flattened creature against the wall.

Then it happened. The door opened with a sudden sharp click and slammed again. In the dark, Francine could hear the stamping about of impatient feet, the wooden thump of the violin box on the floor. Yes, it was Jacques! She knew well his way of stamping—she felt and recognized him too, in the darkness. The room which had seemed before so heavy with his suggested presence sharpened itself now to intense life.

She waited, afraid to stir or to speak. He was fumbling about for the matches. She heard his clumsy, man's hands hunting around the room. If he should touch her! At last! Evidently he had found them. The scrape of a match, a swish of flooding gas, a cruel yellow blaze of light—and it was done. Then he turned and saw her.

"Jacquot," she said in a tiny thin voice.

He stared at her, his eyes speaking unbelief of what they saw.

"Francine!" he exclaimed. There was nothing in his voice but amazement. She began to cry pitifully.

XIII.

"WHAT are you doing here, Francine?" Jacques was very angry—she could see the flush of red mounting to his cheeks; his eyes had become sharp and questioning. She had not the courage to face him so.

"*Adieu, Jacques,*" she whispered, her poor little throat trying to control her sobs. "I am going."

She turned and crept towards the door, but he caught her by the arm. "First you will answer me, Francine," he said. "What were you doing here, after I had forbidden you?"

Francine, without answering, still cried gently. But the grasp of his hand tightened on her arm. It hurt her. She felt it making a black, bruised circle. The tears choked and turned hot to her.

"Let me go!" she cried.

"First you will tell me."

Then the consciousness of feeling his touch hurting her—of looking into his eyes, so strange without love in them—swept over the little Francine. How unjust he was to turn upon her this way, when he did not understand. Suddenly this idea of injustice flamed in her quick, impulsive heart. She became angry, too—very angry. Tears fell no longer. Her eyes grew big and dry and shining. She struggled away from him, her slight strength set nervously against his.

"Let me then go, and I will tell you," she said.

He released her immediately, and stood waiting.

"So," she began, and her voice, which had been thin and weak, rose now like the flight of an angry bird—"so you wish me to tell you what I do here? *Eh bien, Jacques*, I do nothing here—*voilà!* What have you now to say? I did come because I was sad, and I had fear to be alone, and because I had thought— But that is nothing. Now I tell you that I did come to say *adieu.*"

Jacques shrugged his shoulders despairingly, and shook his head. "Francine, I understand of this nothing. You merit that I send you away—to come here—to this house. What a horror! Do you not know what it might signify—do you not know what it is for you to come here alone? You know the things enough, Francine, to know that—and when I told you." He grew more excited as he talked.

"And, yes, I know the things," answered Francine passionately. "But if it were so—if all the world saw me come here—have you shame of me, Jacques? Since when have you grown so good—so careful of yourself? You did tell me not to come, but must a woman not sometimes disobey? You are bad, Jacques. It is you who are bad. You are no longer the Jacques I have loved."

"And you no longer the same Francine."

"It is this America which has taken you from me. It is these wicked people, these people who are not of your kind. You have reason—I have done badly to come here. But I am going." The little Francine talked very fast—the words tumbled one over the other—poor hurt, defiant words they were! "You will be happy to hear that—not so? To hear that I shall go? You will marry yourself with the Tuller, and your children shall be Americans. Bah! I hate you now, Jacques—I am glad to go. See, I have even the air of being glad."

Jacques went close to her. "You are a little bad one, Francine," he said angrily. "You know not of what you talk. I shall not permit you to go alone. What you do afterwards is your affair. You shall not leave here now alone—I go too."

"Leave me to go alone," said Francine, and her eyes looked proudly at him. He should not see that her heart was breaking—that the song was dead.

"You have disobeyed me," went on Jacques furiously.

"You did hear what I said to-night? Of what good, all this—since I go? Adieu."

"Francine!"

"Jacques!"

Their voices had risen. They faced each other accusingly. Then suddenly, as if it had been just waiting a chance to make itself heard, there came a rap at the door—a loud, insolent rap.

Jacques started. "*Mon Dieu!*" he said. "*Mon Dieu*, you see now what you have done."

"I care not," the little Francine answered defiantly.

The knock repeated itself.

"Who is there?" called Jacques, stepping to the door.

"It's me, and you'd better let me in," came back Emmeline's voice, muffled by the door. "I hear you talking."

"I shall not," said Jacques.

But Francine darted around him and threw open the door.

"Enter, Mademoiselle," she said. "She was not locked. In listening, and looking through the hole of the key, you could see that."

Emmeline rustled into the room. She was dressed elaborately. Her hair was crimped and frizzed out with white bone combs in it; her blouse was a stiff affair in yellow ruffles and lace; her belt came to crossed points, glaring in front of yellow; and her electric blue cloth skirt fought impotently against its vivid streaked waist line.

She shut the door behind her. "I would n't have Papa and Mama hear these goings on for the *world*," she said. "I don't know what they'd do. Now what have you got to say for yourselves?" She fixed scathing eyes on Francine.

"Well, I never," she continued slowly. "It just shows. But I knew it, you know." It was as if she were speaking to some one else—pointing out Francine.

"I knew it," she repeated.

Jacques grew white. His eyes snapped. "You did know what, Mademoiselle?" he demanded. In his voice was a challenge which came quick and sharp and uncompromising. The full sweep of his temper seemed to have changed its direction. He ranged himself all at once, without the ceremony of definitely expressed intention, by the side of the little Francine.

"Oh, you need n't pretend!" cried Emmeline. "Having *her*"—she jerked her head at Francine—"come here. The cheek of it! It's the most disgraceful thing I ever *did* hear of." Emmeline was enjoying herself now. Her voice had in it the full calibre of justice. "It's lucky I got home early—and it's lucky that Papa and Mama are gone to bed—though why they did n't hear you two talking, I don't know—though I guess they'll hear soon enough," she finished maliciously. Francine rushed forward.

"*Comment!* You dare—you dare!" she cried. She was sobbing now with rage. But Jacques stepped forward with suddenly firm assurance, and pushed her aside.

"It is to me, Francine," he said. Then he faced Emmeline.

"Mademoiselle," he said, and his voice was low and sharp, "Mademoiselle, you have said enough. We French"—he waved his hand toward Francine, whose eyes, wide and bright, were fixed upon him—"we French, see you, do not permit our women to be insulted by strangers. You are not good enough, Mademoiselle, to stand beside my Francine."

"Why, the idea!" spluttered Emmeline furiously; but Jacques continued:

"If you will call Monsieur, your father, I will treat with him, since you have insult Mademoiselle Barrault."

"I'll do no such thing!" cried Emmeline. "You've no right to talk back to me that way."

"You have no right to speak of my Francine so, Mademoiselle."

"Any one can see what it is to have foreigners about. No decent folks should do it," went on Emmeline. "I knew we'd be sorry we let you stay here."

"Ah, you hold it, Mademoiselle, we are of another race. You Americans, you do not comprehend. Listen to me. I did tell Mademoiselle Barrault to come here to-night." He drew Francine over to him protectingly. "It is not of your affairs why I did tell her to come. Perhaps I did hope that you would receive her as my wife, since we shall marry ourselves to-morrow morning."

"I've heard *that* before," sneered Emmeline, "and it's no excuse for bringing her here at *this* time of night."

"Jacquot!" breathed Francine.

"No? Perhaps not, Mademoiselle—only, that is all between my fiancée and me. I did badly to permit her to come to you, at this hour or any hour. I shall take her now to Madame Gobin, who will make her ready for the marriage; and after, we shall go back to France, Mademoiselle, where it is our country. You do not comprehend. You have truly shown me how wrong I have been. You did well to come to-night, for that reason there." He pressed Francine close to him. "We have been two children, Francine and me—two children in a strange country. I wish you *bon soir*, Mademoiselle."

Emmeline backed against the door. "I guess not," she said. "You don't fool me, Mr. Booty; you go with her—and I watch you go. I don't leave you two here alone—and you don't come back either, except to get your things."

"You have reason, Mademoiselle," said Jacques. "I would not come and live here with you any more for the world. But have care, Mademoiselle, what you do say of my little Francine. I have small patience."

He took up his hat and violin and put his arm gently through that of Francine. "We will go now, *ma chérie*," he said. They passed Emmeline and started down the stairs. She stood watching them—her forehead wrinkled in lines, her fingers picking fretfully at her ruffles. She felt vaguely that she had missed some effect—that she had not brought about the situation to her own advantage. "I should n't have let them off so easily," she thought.

Down on the silent street, losing themselves in the shadows, went Jacques and Francine—close, close together.

"Jacquot, I neither do not comprehend," whispered Francine at last. "You were so angry with me—then why?"

"Do not try, *ma petite*," said Jacques gently. "It is different to be angry with one's own."

"But is it so? Do we go back—back, Jacquot?"

"You were wise, little one," said Jacques. "Yes, we go back—where we may love each other beneath the blue skies of our France."

"And the marriage?" whispered Francine timidly.

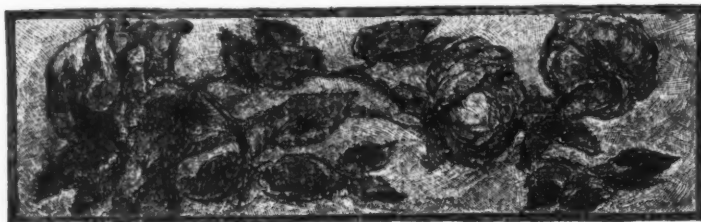
"As I promised, *chérie*, to-morrow morning. But, even so, we shall go back; for here in this great city have I nearly lost my little bird—and I would have her free, singing again."

"But why did you not see that before, Jacquot?"

"Do we see things at once, Francine—in the world so hard and quick? It was only when she tried to hurt you—to wound you—

when she, a stranger, did say things of you, that I saw how it was. We shall not be rich, *ma petite*—now—but I shall play, and you shall sing!”

Francine clapped her hands. Already was she happy again. “And there will be another Cri Cri!” she cried. “Did I not tell you? Oh, *mon Jacquot*, but life is simple and good!”



ROSIES

BY AGNES I. HANRAHAN

THERE 'S a rosie-show in Derry,
 An' a rosie-show in Down;
 An' 't is like there 's wan, I 'm thinkin',
 'll be held in Randalstown;
 But if I had the choosin'
 Av a rosie-prize the day,
 'T would be a pink wee rosie
 Like he plucked whin rakin' hay:
 Yon pink wee rosie in my hair—
 He fixt it troth—an' kissed it there!
 White gulls wor wheelin' roun' the sky
 Down by—down by.

Ay, there 's rosies sure in Derry,
 An' there 's famous wans in Down;
 Och there 's rosies all a-hawkin'
 Through the heart av London town!
 But if I had the liftin'
 Or the buyin' av a few,
 I 'd choose jist pink wee rosies
 That 's all drenchin' wid the dew—
 Yon pink wee rosies wid the tears!
 Och wet, wet tears!—ay, troth, 't is years,
 Since we kep' rakin' in the hay
 Thon day—thon day!

THE TARIFF, THE COST OF LIVING, AND NATIONAL PROSPERITY

By Chauncey M. Depew

U. S. Senator from New York

WHY is the sky forever burdened with pessimistic thunder-clouds? Why do the heathen rage and the people forever imagine vain things?

It is quite true that the cost of living has increased, but it is not true, as we are told, that it is the result of the new tariff bill passed during the extra session last August. It is not true, as those declare who would make political capital at the expense of the Republican party, that in spite of the wishes of the people the tariff was revised upward instead of downward—and therefore the increased cost of living.

The cost of living has been increasing for the last ten years. More than that, the rise in prices during that time has been a world-wide phenomenon. Every country of Europe is restive under it. In Mexico and the rest of Latin America the people are complaining bitterly. From the Cape of Good Hope to St. Petersburg, the cry is the same. Australia and New Zealand are disturbed. Yet they did not participate in the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill passed last August.

With the inexplicable inconsistency which frequently characterizes political philosophy, the pessimistic prophets fill our daily and weekly press and our monthly magazines with profound predictions of an utter failure of our national resources in the near future; proclaiming broadcast the approaching end of our national prosperity.

Undoubtedly, these two arguments will have, to some extent, the political effect which is desired, though both are absolutely groundless. I have been a close student of industrial conditions in the United States and other countries for more than fifty years, and have read with interest, but without sympathy, the alarming opinions of able men concerning the future conditions in this country. It seems to be the consensus of judgment among these gentlemen that unless very radical measures are taken by the Government, the States, and the

people, our situation at the end of the next half-century will be deplorable.

Now, as a matter of fact, this country never was so prosperous as it is to-day, and never was so abundant in promises of future prosperity. It is true that the supply of anthracite coal is limited, and it is possible that within the next seventy-five years the mines may be practically exhausted; but it is worthy of note, in passing, that many of the imperative demands of the past for anthracite have found other and better means of accomplishing the same results. We have already advanced a long way toward the possibility of discarding coal altogether. Necessity is the mother of invention, and what may yet lie in the future possibilities of electricity can only be guessed by the accomplishments of its infant development. We know to a certainty that in the Sierras, the Rockies, the Alleghenies, the White Mountains, and the Green Mountains, there are stored well-nigh inexhaustible water-powers for the development of electricity, and that every year extends the extent to which it can be productively transmitted. We know that to-day it is within the bounds of practical application to supersede the use of coal for manufacturing, heating, lighting, house-keeping, and operating railways and steamboats. It already lies easily within our power so to reduce the demand even for anthracite that the supply in sight may outlast centuries.

As for our supply of bituminous coal in America, it is almost without limit. The enormous resources of Alaska have not yet been touched. Mining has only scratched the veins in many of the States and Territories. The most complete analysis of scientific geologists and coal experts guarantee us our coal supply for more than three thousand years. If it were only one thousand, we need not abandon hope.

It is true that if our forests were to be destroyed at the reckless and wasteful rate of fifteen years ago, the predictions of alarmists might be realized. But we have already put a stop to it. We have adopted a policy of conservation which can never be reversed; and which will broaden as rapidly through the near future as it has in the past few years, till it covers the entire country in a grand system of preservation, restoration, and reforestation. There is a care of trees, to-day, never known before, and the interest in them, through education, is constantly increasing. We have graphic results before our eyes. Care and conservation have rendered the wood supply of crowded Germany fully sufficient to her needs, and with the adoption by our own Forest Service of the methods which have proved so effective in the old world, the danger which threatened us twenty years ago has been averted and a lumber famine rendered almost impossible. In proportion to our population, we have to-day more merchantable timber than Germany or Switzerland; and though our Forest Service

is still being fiercely fought by lumbermen who wish to make whatever there is to be made all in a single generation, and by politicians in the States where the forest reserves are mainly located, the fact that the forests are among the best, the most productive, and the most beneficent assets of the whole people of the United States has at last become so well and widely understood that no administration or party could survive an attempt seriously to invade their rights.

The same dire prognostications concerning the food supply have been rife throughout all Europe for the last three hundred years; but each generation as it came has found the means to live far better than its predecessor; and so shall we, through future generations. Wastefulness is a natural weakness of humanity. Very few of us will economize resources, or even work at all, without the spur of necessity. When our systems of rail and water transportation penetrated the West, the enormous areas of productive land to be had almost for the asking engendered a reckless and careless system of agriculture. There was no necessity for scientific precaution, and no effort to make the most or the best of possibilities brought about suggestive results. Farms in the East were simply deserted when easier opportunities were offered in the West, and there was no occasion for forced cultivation anywhere. Now, when the free lands to be opened are becoming practically exhausted, the pessimistic philosopher takes as his basis what has been accomplished, making it the limit of what can be. Against this he sets what the demand of this country will be in the near future in the matter of food supplies, and proceeds to prognosticate the threatened failure of employment, of resources, of fuel, and of food.

History repeats itself, and history proves that each generation finds the means of caring for itself, so that without really dangerous credulity we might simply trust to luck. But we have far better ground for faith. Improved methods seldom precede the demand for them. Only accompanying the narrowing of free acreage has naturally and of necessity come the enlargement of the work of the Agricultural Department at Washington, the establishment of agricultural experiment stations by the States, and the founding of agricultural schools and colleges all over the country. This is the first step and the first straw. In the philosophy of life, an enormous majority of people require this spur of necessity before their ambition is aroused, and before they will make an effort to acquire habits of industry. In this sense the increased cost of living also becomes a spur, because it means increased profits to the farmer, and is already proving an essential influence in the right direction. Farmers are richer to-day than ever before in our history, with fewer mortgages, and more money in the banks, because the industrial conditions have created a demand which is responded to by increased cultivation, larger crops, and higher prices upon all

products. Some two and a half million acres of new land goes under cultivation this year, and during the coming year our farms will produce from the soil alone in the neighborhood of nine thousand million dollars' worth. We need not despair yet.

But in their fearsome calculations the alarmists also leave out of account the progress of science, and the effect of discoveries upon our agricultural development. When natural supplies for recuperation and reclamation became too scarce and dear for profitable application, science quickly discovered the possibility of producing marketable nitrogen in unlimited quantities from the air. The Reclamation Service of the United States is developing by gigantic strides. Storage reservoirs are being created by the Government, and the distribution of water through ditches is already making the American desert—the bugaboo of our youth—the garden of the country. Four million acres of that reclaimed desert are making families rich on forty-acre farms because of the productiveness of the soil under scientific cultivation. Sixty million acres more will soon be offered to the people. If the same scientific methods now urged upon the West were applied to the practically abandoned farms in New York, the Empire State would assume her old place as foremost in agriculture among the States. It is possible, and when it is necessary it will be. In going by rail from New York to Florida, one sees idle land enough to support a population as great as that of the Middle States, if under proper cultivation. All of this will rival the fertile West when there comes the call of necessity.

In response to present demands, there was an increase of about eleven hundred and sixty-nine million bushels in the production of wheat, corn, oats, barley, and rye in 1909 over 1908—twenty-seven per cent. increase between two normal years. The hay-crop increased over three and a half million tons in the same time. When we pause to consider the price which this enormous product—fifty-five hundred million bushels—yields to the farmer, and all additional riches because it is taken out of the soil, the imagination is appalled at the wealth which lies buried in our land for those who will seek it. And to absorb this vast production the mills must run, and the factories, and the mines, and the transportation companies, to the extent of their capacity, which in turn means increasing employment.

Instead of approaching destruction, we are surely entering upon a period of prosperity unknown in the history of this or any other country; and, best of all, it is not to the remotest degree a false or deceptive inflation. We may not possess absolutely inexhaustible resources, as we once fondly dreamed, but by scientific and economical administration our productive power can be so immeasurably expanded from its present that it has a practically unlimited power of growth,

to meet the demands of the future. Nor, on the other hand, are we threatened with over-production, for, enormous as our progress has been in supply, it has not kept pace with the demand. Hence, if there were not other and better reasons, the high price of living might easily be accounted for in this way alone, without defaming the new tariff.

For example, ten years ago statistics apparently proved that there were three million laborers out of employment in America, which greatly decreased the purchasing power for themselves and their families. During the ten years, while prices have been going up, not only has that three million been reemployed, but employment has been found for 7,650,000 more, and it will readily be seen that this greater demand, alone, would have tended to give higher prices to the farmer. The absorption of the vast grazing districts of the West, in farms and various settlements, has almost crowded out of existence the enormous herds of cattle and sheep which once practically covered the prairies, temporarily reducing the supply of meat and necessarily raising the price, which in turn will immediately induce farmers to realize that they can raise more and better beef when cared for in fenced areas, and thus easily bring the supply again up to the demand.

During the past ten years—or a little more—there has been an increase of over twelve hundred million dollars in the value of American manufactures, and an increase in the number of workers in every department of American industry, at better wages than are obtainable abroad, which is the result of the tariff, increasing the purchasing power of the people of this country, increasing the comforts and luxuries of life to them, and thus, perhaps, indirectly, by increasing the demand, increasing the cost of living; but it is surely making a far reach to strike a blow at the tariff on that charge.

As a matter of fact, the new tariff *reduces* the Dingley rates of the past twelve years on imported goods valued in round numbers at five billion dollars, and *increases* the rates on goods—other than liquors and luxuries—valued at only \$241,000,000. If middlemen, wholesalers, and retailers do not absorb the difference, the tariff on articles in common use should make them much cheaper to the consumer than they were before. But the tariff has to bear much of which it is not guilty. For example, the National Clothiers' Association has announced that it must add three dollars to twelve dollar suits, and five dollars to twenty dollar suits, because of the increase in the cost of cloth on account of the tariff. As a matter of fact, in the new tariff there was not one penny's increase in the duty, either in the wool or in the cloth. The cloth in a twelve dollar suit costs three dollars. The duty on the wool in it is seventy-five cents. The cost of the cloth in a twenty dollar suit is five dollars. The duty on the wool is one dollar and twenty-five cents. There has been no in-

crease, within a year, in wages, rentals, buttons, thread, or any of the other things making up a suit of clothes. The advance in price is evidently simply an increased profit to the manufacturer and retailer, and whoever comes between them.

The actual reduction in the cost of boots and shoes, through the tariff, is from thirty to fifty cents a pair; yet a number of manufacturers have already announced a rise in the retail price, and interested politicians are eagerly applying this charge also to the new tariff. There is better reason for this increase in cost than in the case of the clothing, for the decline in the supply of beef means also a decline in the supply of hides; and though hides are placed on the free list in the tariff, the increasing demand, together with the decrease in home production, has caused the price of hides to go up, regardless of the reduction in duty.

It is also true in other products. But these two examples are sufficient to show that there may be both explicable and inexplicable advance in the cost of living without—and even against—the influence of the tariff. All of the charges of general revision upward in the necessities of life, all of the charges of responsibility for the increasing cost of living, are utterly unfounded. If we are to retain the protective system, with its underlying principle of maintaining American industries and the American standard of wages and employment for American workmen, and to have markets for our ever-increasing productive power, this new tariff is the fairest, the most equitable, and the most beneficent bill which has ever been passed in our history. The increase in the cost of living has been about equally evident in all highly organized industrial countries on the earth. It has been comparatively little in clothing and rentals, and nothing in transportation. It has been chiefly in the cost of food. And while the middleman has surely been taking an unfair advantage, and the retailer has been enlarging his profits, and cold storage has been adding its mite to the possibilities of false inflation, it is also true that a very decided increase can be traced back to the farmer, where, of all places, we are all glad to have it rest. Ten or twelve years ago wheat sold for sixty-five cents a bushel. To-day it sells for one dollar and twenty cents at the farmer's door. Corn was selling at fifteen cents a bushel. It is now bring the farmer sixty-five cents. Beef on the hoof was then selling for about four cents a pound. Now it is selling for seven and a half cents.

It is along these lines that the cost of living has increased—along these and lines of generally increased extravagance in the style of living. It must not be forgotten that we are none of us living as those in the same comparative positions lived fifty years ago, or even ten years ago. Every year sees the demand for more luxuries and

better, more comfortable, more convenient modes of life. Every year finds us pampering more expensive tastes. It all means progress, it means higher civilization, better refinement, even though it means also increased cost of living; and if the poor tariff is in any way responsible, it is by increasing the demand which has increased the cost, through developing the enormous purchasing power of the American people, by remunerative employment, in unlimited industries developed by the system of protection.



JUNE

By Thomas L. Masson

PERHAPS none of us has suspected that June is a great instructor; not so much in the way of imparting facts, as in teaching us what is worth while. When June comes she fills us utterly and completely with a sense of the vanity of learning, and of the cheapness of material things. June is the month in which we seem to get even with every one else that we have had occasion to envy, who is better off in this world's goods. And one of the nicest things about June is that she is so thoroughly impartial. She is kind and generous to all. She creeps in on the city, and even puts her share of green in between the cobble-stones; as much as to say, "I simply *won't* be suppressed." Think of what it would mean if a combination of capital could corner June and deal it out only to those who had the money to pay for it! How quickly they would do it if they could! But the fact that they cannot do it—that June is for us all, that it never can be an exclusive thing with a favored few—is almost enough to compensate for everything else.

June invites us to walk out of the city just a bit and fills us with all sorts of sweet scents, delights us with the most beautiful scenes. From this point of vantage we may watch the toiling millionaire fly by in his dusty automobile. June indeed is giving us something that she withholds from him.

What a great success June is as an artist! She takes up the work of May with a prodigal hand. How she pours out her delicate tints, with such reckless extravagance and sublime courage! No timidity or cringing there! And the best of it is that in some wholly indefinable manner she paints us with them. We take on all of her hues until we are fairly singing with complacency. No wonder that our capacity for loving should be so increased, with such a guide as June.

THE HEADSTONE OF THE CORNER

By Eden Phillpotts

Author of "Children of the Mist," "Sons of the Morning," etc.

SAMUEL DICKER, the man was called, and I married his sister Ann. He lived in my house and was a bachelor of peaceful ways most times; but he had his habits, like the best and worst of us, and some of 'em was a thought troublesome, without a doubt. Yet such was the nature of the man that, despite his little vagaries, one forgave him. You could n't quarrel with him more 'n you could quarrel with a sheep.

None ever called him "Dicker," nor yet "Samuel." He went by the name of "Hay-Corn-Roots," because they was his only subjects on earth and none could ever get him off them. He knowed nothing in the world else; but to make up for that, what he did n't know about the great crops was n't worth knowing. He had an eye for such things, and could tell the future about 'em in a very wonderful way; and 't was his joy and pleasure to give his advice free gratis; and of a holiday the man would spend all his time wandering over the land—now mourning over the hay or gloating over it, according to the promise, now busy with the wheat and barley; and now, in the fall of the year, all for swedes or mangels—as the case might be. He'd go and sit by a tidy crop of oats, like another man would go and sit by his sweetheart, or at the pub. And he'd get as much joy from the growing things as either of them. And the amazing queer fact about him was that he did n't own a rod of land hisself, and did n't want to. He worked up to Stoke Farm, above Holne Valley, and Uriah Hamlyn, the master of it, taking to Dicker, because he was a bachelor like himself, offered him a nice corner of land for his own use if he pleased; because he said that such a man ought to be rewarded. But "Hay-Corn-Roots" would n't take it.

"Don't want nothing for my own," he said. "'T would spoil the general interest I feel in the crops, year in, year out. 'T would make me one-sided and selfish, and I could n't look out with a single heart on the ways of nature and the Lord no more. I should get that

wrapped up in my own patch that I should want to pray for my own fashion of weather and grow selfish and small-minded." So he did n't have it, though he was a tower of strength to Hamlyn and put many a pound in his master's pocket by his great cleverness.

He worked hard, but never had nought to do along with the things.* 'T was always the fruits of the field with him. To see that man sowing in the old-fashioned way, with the seed-lip under his arm, and his grain flying in a steady shower over the ploughed earth, was a very fine sight. A glutton for work, and a glutton for cider when he worked. I asked him once what he loved best to do, and he thought a good bit and decided 't was pulling mangels. Certainly he had a clever hand at that, and could fetch the great, orange-yellow turnips out of the earth and give 'em a twirl and drop the leaves o' one side and the roots t' other neater and quicker than many men half his age.

He was terrible hopeful for an old chap—the sort that picks over a rubbish heap and sets up for an ironmonger. He reckoned he was worth all his wages and a bit more; and about every three or four years he called out to have his money lifted; and Hamlyn always fell in with the idea—well knowing the justice of it. But lifting Dicker's wages had a black side, because the man was so built that, before his great good luck, his reasoning parts failed him, and so sure as his money went up, he was missing for a few days. On the bust he went for sheer joy at getting a rise in the world. That was his nature, you see, and great excitement always made him run to the bottle. Once afore Hamlyn put him up a shilling a week, he made Samuel sign the pledge, which he did do willingly and thankfully; but he went down again, like a straw before the wind, so soon as he'd drawn his money, and neither my wife nor me ever saw the color of that extra bob, though he'd lodged with us three year then, and we felt quite as much entitled to a bit of a rise as him. 'T was only success made the man drink. Trouble always kept him straight; and such was his build of mind that other people's troubles often hit him quite as hard as his own and made him sad company. And, taking him all round, I doubt that was the most wonderful thing about the man. He was a tower of strength at a hard pinch, but quickly got above himself if things went well; he would face trouble with the wisest, and only let himself go before prosperity. Not like a good few, as run to drink when the world's crooked and they can't get their own way.

Samuel Dicker was a yellowish-colored man, with ginger hair and ginger whiskers and ginger eyebrows. He had very small eyes, sharp as needles, and a very large, easy mouth with a set of false teeth, as

* Sheep and cattle.

he'd picked up cheap at a sale, and was terrible proud of, because they matched his hair. They'd belonged to old farmer Foote down to Buckfast, and was near as good as new; and the widow never forgave the auctioneer for letting 'em go for three shilling and sixpence, though the man could n't do no better, because nobody bid for 'em except my brother-in-law.

Sammy did n't care much for human creatures, and would n't talk free on any subject but his own. I never seed him angry but once, and that was when a chap said that ensilage was good for milch cows, whereas the truth about it be that 't is good for bullocks and calves, but must on no account be offered to cows, because it gives the milk a bad taste. And Dicker said that for a grown man, with an immortal soul in him, to be so cruel ignorant was a disgrace to the nation and ought to be shown up. He took things serious like that, and he hated change, and he was a good bit cast down when his master, up to Stoke Farm, got reading about chemical manures and covering his land with some ghost-white, stinking stuff that you could smell ten mile away.

"After sweat of man," said my brother-in-law, "there's no manure like what comes from an honest stable; and this here poisonous beastliness will fork the roots and canker the corn and rot the hay, without a doubt. And, for my part, I 'most wish I'd been took afore 't was discovered, for it can't come to no good, and I'm terrible sorry that I be here to see it, John Gay."

He was speaking to me at the time, and I tried to comfort him, and vowed as Hamlyn was a book-larned cuss and not likely to spend his money on nitrates without good promise of return. But Dicker would n't hear me.

"The Goodger's * in the stuff," he said, "and if the crops conquer against it, 't is only to say that God Almighty's stronger than t' other. He can save us, and only Him, and the whole business of this here vile muck be a plant, put up by they wheat-growing foreigners, I reckon, to spoil our corn and starve us and ruin our markets."

He mourned a lot about it, and, to my certain knowledge, did n't touch a drop of liquor for a fortnight.

You see, he was an unreasonable sort of old man in some ways, owing to narrowness and no power of reading. But sweet as an October apple he could be, and generally was; and a religious, church-going creature always. He took great truck in it, and seldom missed public praying twice of a Sunday.

Naturally, with his love of the fruits of the earth, he was wont to come out special strong to worship at the harvest festival, and he'd done his little best at that for more than a score of years. He

* Devil.

dearly loved to see the church chock-full of corn and vegetables, as the custom is, and many and many a time he lent a hand and added to the show with the best his master would let him have. 'Twas quite a little event in its way to see what Samuel would do for the church, and now 'twas barley or oats, and now 'twas broccoli, or carrots, or what not; but he'd always manage a trophy of some kind, and the people often went just to see what he'd thought upon. And 'twas over the harvest festival that the man had the adventure of his life, you might say.

One day in mid-October I met him, "wet with the showers of the mountains," in Bible phrase. He tramped down from Stoke in the rain, and under his arm was a pretty big parcel covered up with brown paper.

"What hast there, Samuel?" I axed him, and he said, "Why, the corn-rick, to be sure!" So then I knowed all about it. For three weeks he'd been busy as a bee of an evening to home; and while I smoked my pipe and read the paper, and Ann was after her chores or mending stockings, my brother-in-law worked at a wonderful little model corn-stack, so natural as life, though, of course, not so large. Farmer Hamlyn had gived him the straw, and he piled it and trimed it and thatched it, and set a row of mowsteads underneath of it, and planted it all on a piece of deal board, painted yellow like an arrish field. 'Twas a masterpiece, without any doubt, and Samuel himself, humble though the man was, could n't but admit that he'd done a clever thing. Of course I'd seen the model afore, and knew when I met him that he'd just been showing it off to the farmer; and, for my part, I do believe, such was the cleverness of it, that Samuel might have made a good few coppers by carrying it round and exhibiting of it in the public-houses, or even to gentry; but that was not his meaning.

"You'll be taking it to the church for the harvest festival, no doubt," I said, "and, for that matter, I've nought to do for the minute, so I'll go down along with you. But afore we give it up we'll show it to Billy Cottle at the inn. He's a great opinion of your cleverness all times, and a sight of this wonder ought to mean a free half-pint, if nothing more."

"I'm off drink for the moment, as you well know," answered my brother-in-law; "but, all the same, us'll show it to Cottle, since he's an understanding man and knows a good thing when he sees it. And I'm hopeful, when us takes it down to Mr. Pipchin, as he'll smile upon it and set it in the winder over Squire Blackall's pew."

"It did ought to go on the vamp-dish*," I said, but Samuel Dicker's modesty rose at that, and he would n't allow it.

* Font.

"No, no, 't is far too holy a place for such a thing," he declared.

Then we got down to the inn, and Billy Cottle, the landlord, was much pleased, and, being a man with little religion, said that the corn-stack was a darned sight too good for the church. In fact, he offered Sammy five shilling for it to put in the bar, but even that fancy money did n't tempt him.

"I've had a hand in the harvest decorations for twenty-three year," he said, "and, please God, I shall for twenty-three more. Last year 't was a barley-mow as I made, and the year afore that the Sacred Letters in corn upon a background of parsley; and many such like things I've done, but never nothing to equal this."

"The Reverend Champernowne will be very pleased, no doubt," admitted Cottle, "but, all the same, I'd sooner 't was in my bar than in the church, and when all's said, more would see it in the long room here than there."

But Samuel would n't budge, and so off we went to church, where the Curate and a lot of women was busy at the decorations for next Sunday.

Mr. Pipchin, the young fellow was called—a poor tool, but well intending. He was a new-comer to our parish—fair as a rose; and he wore gold-rimmed glasses, and went in for being a very manly fellow when he first came to the parish. He wanted to get at the youths and make 'em play games and keep out of the publics, and so on—all very well meant; but he was n't the man for that sort of thing; and shone far brighter along with the mothers in the parish-room than with their sons in the playing-field. He was n't a masculine sort of man by nature, and the boys saw through him and called him "Pip-pip" behind his back; and Willy Saunders, of a Sunday night, when we gathered after service at Cottle's inn, did take off the reverend young fellow that ridiculous-like that you'd very near die of laughing.

Well, when me and Dicker got to the church, there was quite a rally of folk buzzing about in a quiet but excited sort of way round Mr. Pipchin. He was the master of the scene, and he went tiptoeing about, issuing his orders and directing the helpers, while a lot of nice young, round-eyed, whispering girls from Miss Dolby's school ran every way to do his bidding. Us heard they was the foremost pupils and allowed to take a hand with the harvest decorations and help the Reverend Pipchin for a treat. They fluttered about after him, and climbed ladders, and handed vegetables, and was all as hot and blushing and happy as need be; and the young man worked in the thick of them pleasant young women, and chattered and ordered 'em about, and felt their breath on his cheek, and saw the light in their eyes and the shape of their ankles; and no doubt thought, in his

great innocence, that he was having a very dashing time. But he was human and prone to make favorites, like all of us. Me and my brother-in-law sat quiet in a pew till he could attend to us, and lookers-on see most of the game, of course. And we marked that there was one girl as the Reverend Pipchin put afore all the others. He was always calling on her to lend a hand or give an opinion. 'T was like this he went:

"Oh, Miss Wilson, will you please tell us where to put this turnip?" or like this: "Oh, dear Miss Wilson, we want your light touch with this here vegetable marrow. It quite ruins the group"; or like this: "Call Miss Wilson. These tomatoes be all wrong, and none but her can right 'em."

He was going "Nap" on Miss Wilson, without a doubt; and, seeing she happened to be Squire Wilson's daughter, with two hundred a year of her own from her dead mother, even us common men understood, and wished him luck. But I reckon he bored her above a bit, and when a young fellow in knickerbockers comed in and forgot to take off his cap, she went to him and shook hands and took his cap off for him and pretended to be cross with him. Then us could see that the fun of the fair was only just beginning so far as she was concerned. The young gentleman was from Bassett Hall, where the lord of the manor lives to; and he'd brought some wonderfull great bunches of purple grapes raised in the vineries there. And the Reverend Pipchin took 'em in his own hand, but he showed a good deal of color when the chap in "knickers" coolly broke off a bunch for Miss Wilson to eat on the spot.

"Not here—not here, please," he said. "Remember where you are!"

Us old men could see that there was a bit of feeling, and I whispered to Samuel, "I'll back striped stockings!" and he whispered back, "Nay, 't is white choker will win her. They never can resist it."

Then Mr. Pipchin caught sight of us and beckoned us to rise up and go forward. So we did, and my brother-in-law took the paper off the model and showed it afore the people.

A good few was wild with excitement, and young "legs" said out loud, in his fearless way, that it ought to get an extra prize for the best exhibit in the show—as if 't was an agricultural meeting. And this so riled the Reverend Pipchin that he rose up in his might and turned upon me and my brother-in-law and fairly crushed us.

"Quite out of the question—quite out of the question," he said. "Not at all the sort of thing we want or can use. It has no beauty and no meaning. It would only raise laughter. Take it away, please, at once."

A few of 'em stood up for us, and Miss Wilson told the Curate

what he did n't know: that Samuel Dicker always had a humble hand in the festival from times without count; but the young man stood firm and fully meant 'em all to understand that he was cock on his own dunghill. In a word he bade us begone, and commanded everybody else to be quiet; and so me and my brother-in-law sneaked off with our tails between our legs.

Poor Samuel went so white as a dog's tooth, and his yellow whiskers trembled, and his jaws worked that bivvering that I feared his teeth would fall out. I took the rick from him and tried to cheer the unfortunate man up a bit; but, try as I might, I failed to do it.

"'T was just a bit of human nature," I said. "The reverend gentleman seed that fine Miss Wilson wake up like the sun from behind a cloud when 'stockings' came in the church, and it vexed him, because he'd been doing all he knowed to find favor with the maiden, and no doubt thought he was going strong. And so he got his shirt out, being young and human, after all, and he was just dancing to have a slap at something or somebody. 'T is the fortune of many a hoss and many a man," I said, "to get the lash that was meant for another. Think nought of it, and remember Billy Cottle have got five bob waiting for you in his till this minute."

But, poor jolterhead, he crept away, shaking with shame, and I could n't hearten him.

"'T is the reward of pride," he told me, "and pride will have a fall, as we know too well. I thought, in my vainglorious way, that my stack would have been a bit of the rejoicing and added to the glory of God by its cleverness; and now my hope be knocked in the head, and no doubt I deserve it—not a doubt I do. 'T is all over: I shall never have nothing in the festival no more."

He blinked his eyes and was at the point of tears. A meek man—meek as Moses, in fact—and never known to have no fight in him, except after sixpennyworth of the strongest.

Then, just as we was going out through the lich gate, who should heave up but the Vicar himself? The Reverend Champernowne was a big man in every way—big voice, big chin, big eyes, big nose, big body, and big mind. To see him of a Sunday sail in, with his white raiment billowing, was like they old fighting ships in Nelson's days. And he'd come to his appointed place and glare in a solemn and noble manner at the assembled folk and then sink down and bury his head in shining white, for all the world like a great angel bending afore the ark. Rode to hounds till he was seventy-four, did that man—one of the old, terrifying sort that thundered and shook spiders out of the cobwebs when he preached the Word. But they be all gone. They talk quiet now, and hedge, and beg instead of

commanding; and they pretty near ax your pardon if they mention the bad place. In fact, so far as I can larn, they don't believe in it no more; but, for my part, I reckon there's a danger in dropping it out, and fear there must come a cruel and ugly awakening for many a rash young blade of this generation who may die without the dread of it.

Samuel and me touched our heads and was going past when the Vicar stopped us and my brother-in-law suffered another shock.

"What have you there, Dicker?" asks Parson, and Samuel, his words fouling each other as they always did when he was excited, mumbled out that he had ventured to make a corn-stack for the harvest rejoicings and had n't meant no harm by it; and he hoped that the Vicar would overlook it this time and not harbor it against him.

"Then why are you taking it away, my good man?" asked the Vicar.

"Because the Reverend Pipchin says 'tis unseemly and out of order, and that it will make the people laugh, your Reverence," says Samuel.

"Set it there, Dicker, and I will examine it," answers back the Vicar; and with that Sammy puts the rick on a flat tombstone—one of they old, ancient graves four square to the winds, holding forgotten dust from afore man's memory.

Mr. Champernowne put up his glasses and pursed his mouth and breathed through his nose like a bull. 'T was a habit that belonged to him, and he'd often do it in his sermons, and a very solemn thing, for it gave a deep thought time to sink into the mind. He walked twice round the little stack, so stately and slow as the Israelites round Jericho. Then he spoke.

"Pipchin forbade it?" he asked.

"Yes, your Reverence."

The Vicar looked over the graves and spoke to himself.

"A frosty mind—no sympathy—no humor—no imagination—a school product—hopeless."

I feared he must mean Samuel, and was for advising my brother-in-law to sloke off as quick as might be, because I knowed the poor gawk had suffered enough for one day; but Parson did n't mean Samuel, and events proved in my opinion—though, perhaps I ought not to say so—that 't was none less than the Reverend Pipchin himself he aimed at.

The next thing that happened amazed us not a little, for the Vicar told Samuel to pick up his stack and come back along with him into the church.

"You have contributed to the glory of the season for these many

years, Samuel Dicker," he said. "And, even as the widow's mite, your humble addition to these richer gifts lifted to the Lord of the Harvest shall in no way be rejected. Here are evidences of practical skill combined with patient enthusiasm. And what happier emblem of our festival than a rick of corn? Do we not see in it the actual embodiment of the idea of the garnered grain? We sing, 'All is safely gathered in,' and this toy, trifling though it may appear to the eye of one who knows not the country and the symbols of our rural toil on the face of the land—this toy, I say, none the less speaks to me with a significance trumpet-toned that our endeavors have been crowned with abundance and our granaries filled with good measure, pressed down and flowing over!"

The Reverend Champernowne said all this and more, just for the benefit of us two common old men; and if we'd been a full church, he could n't have used longer words or rolled 'em out more grand and forcible.

And then we went back to the people, and the Vicar took the stack from my brother-in-law's hand and walked up the middle aisle with it, slow and stately, looking all around him, as if he was the harvest procession and harvest home all in his one solemn self. Everybody stopped to gaze upon him, but, for my part, I could n't take my eyes off the Reverend Pipchin. The poor unfortunate seed his mistake all too clearly now, and he fell back and stood dismayed and quivering to his marrow by the font, with a cowcumber in one hand and a brave bunch of Tripoli onions in t' other.

And the Vicar, he marched straight through the gates and up the altar steps and plumped down Sammy's corn-stack slap in the middle of the Holy Table, under the gold cross and between the widow Tremayne's silver candlesticks, given in memory of her husband, as was shot in the war!

There stood the stack, and there stood his Reverence, and then he turned and said in a loud voice:

"Friends, this little but precious emblem of seed-time and harvest shall occupy the sacred centre of the altar. It is comely; it is the work of a Christian man; it typifies all that we are just now concerned with. Take care, Mr. Pipchin, that none meddles with it, for I myself have set it here under the symbol of our faith!"

Then he marched off, and of course no man in his senses would have dared to lay his finger on the rick. But Samuel went bang at the knees when he seed how he'd been lifted up. For a bit he was quite dead to the world and sat down lumpus in the first pew handy, and broke out in a fierce perspiration all over. But he got over it in course of time, and went home full of high joy along o' me. His only sorrow was that Mr. Pipchin might get a flea in his ear for order-

ing him off; but I doubt not that such a wise one as the Vicar let the lesser man down gently and made no great ado about it.

'T was a mighty and long-remembered triumph for Samuel all round. Poor Mr. Pipchin walked all the way over to our place on the hill for to tell my brother-in-law that he was heartily sorry for misunderstanding the corn-rick—owing to being a cockney born and bred, no doubt; and when the time came, the Vicar mentioned the model in his sermon, and every eye turned and every neck craned to see the sight. The Reverend Champernowne did n't actually name Dicker by name in his discourse, but he mentioned "one of the humblest among us, one whose laborious days had been passed in the bosom of the earth; one whose simple soul has been lifted annually to contribute in some sort to our annual celebration." And of course everybody knowed without telling who he meant.

And after 't was all over and the organ had done a-grunting and the lights was put out, a few old malt-worms, myself among the number, went across with Samuel to Cottle's house of refreshment; and I will say for my brother-in-law that what with the glory, and the music, and the public notice, and the fuss and rejoicings in general, and exciting hymns and terrible close heat in the church, he got as properly drunk after evening service as I ever wish or expect to see any man. Not a drop too much had he taken for three months, at the least; but he let himself go that evening, and I and Policeman Reep seed him home after Cottle closed. He could n't walk straight, and he could n't see straight; but he could sing, and sing he did—not the harvest hymn neither.

No doubt 't was n't every policeman would have done what Arthur Reep did for a weak member that night; but Reep was one of they men who be kindness made alive, and of course he knowed the particulars of the story; and he told me that he thought no more of the accident that he would to see a man blow his nose.

'T was a great-come-along-of-it, altogether, and there's them living who talk of it to this day.



BRANCH ROADS

BY J. B. E.

C ONFUSED, I stand where parting ways outspread,
And high the fate, or ill, which path I tread.

Lo, there your footprint marks a chosen road—
I follow on, nor fear to lift my load.

A CABIN AND A CLAIM

By Will Levington Comfort

Author of "Routledge Rides Alone," etc.

ARCANUM, Nevada, had attracted me for its minerals. I studied them, wanted some of them, and was getting a little knowledge with a few good ores. All would have been well in my case, had it not been for Blencorn, who also came. Now, there was staked in the stony valley by the little river-bed a claim in my name, which is Leavitt.

I had a cabin and a dream. The dream was not a metal one. It was of a lady and a little town far tucked away in the East—a town as different from Arcanum, Nevada, as rust from a new-polished blade. Perhaps the world stacked it up differently. I know that the world laughed at my little Eastern home-town, and I know that certain people, even the Press, marvelled at the big boom-town of Arcanum. I think we always like better the place where we are not. The most desirable lady in the world is so often in the latter.

As I say, I was happy and anticipative, until Blencorn came. He arrived in a most peculiar way for a gentleman. A brakeman on the cross-country Stopless booted him off as they took water on the fly. I happened to see the affair. Stranger landed well. Spying me—I must have been a huge mark on the prairie-horizon in the moonlight—he asked me for a cigarette. I had it. I have been a huge mark ever since.

I expected to find a tramp—not that I hate the breed; it is only the younger tramps who are dangerous—but when we got into the lights at Three-Star John's, I perceived a front of clothes upon my discovery. Moreover, though the brakeman had kicked a goal from the forty-five-yard line with him, he was not badly soiled. He borrowed in the most polite terms a riding gad from a stranger and whipped the dust from his knees and elbows with it.

"My name is Blencorn," he said to me. "What I liked about you in the dark was the quick way I got that cigarette. Making a spiral-fall, as I did, I needed a stimulant. It was quite a good fall. I got the stimulant. You look rather good to me in the violet-rays here."

He was entertaining. I had been up against such a husk of

vulgarity in Arcanum. Not that I mean to say that the citizens of that boom-town are not true men, all; but a man who thinks he has achieved a bit of class hates to go back on it. So I said:

"Where are you going to sleep to-night, Mr. Blencorn?"

"I have n't the least idea," he answered lightly. "I'm new to the place. Is this a hotel?"

Now I was the camel. Here's where the first bale of straw was put on. "I've got a cabin built for two, just a three minutes' walk down the creek."

"I'll go with you, but let's have another stimulant to get cool with—and the gentlemen present——"

This last with an eye to the dispenser and such an air of courtesy that any Southern plantation-owner would have accepted, even if he were not dry. Incidentally, he produced a foil of specie, large pieces of gold. Evidently, they appeared to him too cumbersome for change, so he dug again and got the roll. It was sizable, pretty. Somehow, in spite of all your philosophy, this sort of thing gets to the man next. I was one of those next. I failed to remain so later.

An hour afterward I suggested cautiously: "I have a cabin built for two——"

"Going," said Blencorn.

It happened to be closing hour, so we went. On the way down the creek, I asked:

"How did you get in wrong with the brakeman—or whoever it was who had the punt?"

He laughed and evaded. "Are those coyotes I hear?" he asked suddenly. "How interesting! I've heard wolves before—in my sleep. . . . What's this little claim on the creek-bed?"

"That's mine," said I.

"You don't mean to say there's gold here?" he observed in an absent way.

"Well," I replied modestly, "there's enough to keep me from going back home."

"Gold versus Romance—that's — good stuff. I've read about such things."

I was quiet for awhile. He was rather quick with sentiments. I had read about such things, too. My little candle showed a very clean cabin and an inviting bunk. I acknowledged that this was an accident, since I had noted the accumulations that very day, and spent an hour from the river, rimming out.

"Thanks," he said, when I offered him that rarity of Nevada, a cup of pure water. "I usually go to sleep on a game of cards or a book."

"I have both."

He looked through my little book-case of six or seven. To the best of my knowledge, there were gentlemen of literature there.

"I'll play a game of cards," he said.

So I threw a blanket over the table, produced the ancient fifty-two; also produced some more water, for I was dry and very weary. He glanced at my offering, fingered the cards for an instant with a most amazing dexterity, yawned, stretched, and remarked:

"To-morrow being the Sabbath, you won't work. We'll have this pastime then. I'm sleepy, and I'm sure you look so. Did you use the pick to-day, or is it a shovel you use, to get gold out of a river?"

I was grateful for retirement. "We use both," I informed. "Yes, I have used both to-day. Tell me when to snuff the light." . . . Then I happened to think of his wad, and that he might be worried about it, sleeping with a stranger. "Put your gun in your good hand. If you have n't a gun, I'll give you one. I only happened to be worried for a moment, that *you* might be worried——"

"Say, Mr. Leavitt, I'm not a fiction-artist or a mining engineer, but I make a business of knowing men when I see them. You're one, or take my pile. I have n't a gun. I don't want yours. I'm going to sleep. Good-night, sir."

I thought of all this as I trailed off. It seemed clean and correct to me. . . . The next morning was the Sabbath. It happened to be style in Arcanum not to work—one of the little things we had so far preserved against the boom. I was possessed of an enlightener with which I had not cared to prolong the evening before. I offered it before and after coffee and bacon. Instantly he warmed.

The man had bewildered me by his wit and shown me honor as a guest; moreover, he had gushed me to the best of my old life. All things which I had striven hard to grasp were encompassed immediately in his intelligence. His observations were beautifully done—not lengthy; rather, quiet epigrams which sink in deeply *afterward*. They were sinking in as I sat down to gamble.

I must confess that I am imbued with that old idiocy of white men—trying to be game, when I am not. An hour of bagatelles and we got to gold. Much of his was on my side of the blanket. He was cheerful, a notable connoisseur of the morning, frequently glancing out the cabin-door, remarking how the river flowed along. I could not avoid noticing that the cards moved in his hands like paper wizards, and that the pupils of his gray eyes seemed to tear through the opaque backs of my cards and the rest of the deck on the table. Still, I had many days' work of coined gold before me. He measured it with his eye, covered it with currency, saying:

"Let's go out and take a walk. Settle this right here."

It was done practically on the turn of a card—his. Again the American idiocy:

"I refused four thousand dollars for this claim two or three days ago. It's worth twice as much, but I want to go back east——"

"All right. Four thousand. Let's get it over if you insist. I feel famished for the outdoors. I didn't know Nevada could be so pretty."

It was my handling. I think the matter was left entirely to the intricate goddess, Luck, this time—but I found myself where I had begun in Arcanum, Nevada, before the boom.

"I put a hundred dollars' worth of improvements on this old squatter's shack as it stands," said I. "My legs are strong to get back East."

"Your heart does n't seem very weak," he replied, shoving out, with a flick of his finger, five of those large, pretty realm-makers marked "twenty."

And thus it came about that I found myself his guest.

The fact is, I had n't intended to go back to my little hometown broke. This did n't fit into my dream at all. All the claims were taken on the creek. There was no boom farther west. If Blencorn had only known it, my heart was very bad that moment. It was not yet ten in the morning. I glanced at the little clock and recalled that it was his—even the chair in which I settled back to look at him.

The station-agent of Arcanum owed me a bit of money. It was not enough for a full passage, but he was my friend. At all events, Nevada was eminently distasteful now, and the train moved in an hour. I wondered how I would face the lady when I got to her. I imagined her saying:

"I'm sorry you gambled, but I'm glad I've got you!"

It was what she would say, and add: "Forget the idea of a fortune—a competency is enough for us."

That "*us*" pulled me out of the chair. I could win a living anywhere, and I laughed at Mistress Luck because she could not take that strength away—and at the beast of myself who could not use my hands as gambling collateral.

Blencorn was sitting in the doorway, apparently rapt upon the desolate sunlit vista, and the more desolate town at his left. The winnings were upon the table. I reflected that many Sunday mornings when I had wanted to be alone other miners had dropped in. If one had only come this morning before I lost all! But that was over. . . . Blencorn was rolling a cigarette. I watched his inspired fingers—watched the left little finger-nail tuck the tissue in at the end—a delicate, perfect fold done in a wink of time. He did not

seem happy in his possessions. His look suggested "What shall I do next?"

"May I have a little touch of your exhilaration from the 'john?" I asked. "And a cup of water?"

"Help yourself," he said, without turning; and then inquired brutally: "Is it square that you refused four thousand for this stretch of gravel?"

"I have not lied to you yet," I replied, feeling that old blinding throb in the temples which means rage.

"I only wanted to know, because I would n't work the best claim on earth. Who's the man who wants it?"

I told him.

"Take me to him, Mr. Leavitt."

"But I'm going within an hour, east. I have a little transaction to do before train-time."

"Oh, I'll find him. It's all right." He flicked the cigarette with his middle finger half-way to the river-bed.

"Perhaps we'll see him on the way to the station," I said. "I'm going in a moment."

"Oh, I'll stay here and dream a bit. Your word's good enough for me."

I thought it very good, as I took a last look at the cabin and the claim. His hand was hot and slim and strong, as I said good-by. After walking a hundred yards from the door where he sat, a thought occurred to me, and I returned.

"Tell me, Blencorn, why you were kicked off the train last night."

"Well," he replied, with a far-aimed smile, "the conductor was altogether too young to be a transcontinental train-boss. I conceived the idea that he had been helped to his position by relatives. I like the old men who have braked and repaired snow-sheds first. I am a very despicable individual, but I sprung a bet on him as he came through. It was about his own game. I knew more. . . . Then I caught him in the baggage-coach and told him something else about his business, and offered a larger wager. He was on—and I won. Presently he came to, and took me for a sharper, which I am. The brakeman had a strong leg. The conductor is a cad, as I thought first—and I was going to Seattle!"

"What is your real name?" I was raw enough to inquire.

He smiled again, and added: "You know when you get up against a uniform, and win over it, you've got to get a beating, right or wrong. There are always brakemen. I don't mean on trains, but on streets, in custom-houses, and depots."

I left him feeling that my intelligence was stretched. The station-agent came into my views with a bang—as if the accommodation was

his dearest joy. The train was moving out when Blencorn appeared and without any haste handed me a letter and a hand that was not in the least gentle in its grip. The smile on his lean, strange face was something I had been looking for. As the East-bound gained speed, I read the letter in which was contained:

MY DEAR LEAVITT:

Burn this, because I am making a confession which is vulgar. I am Shore Wyndam, largely worthless, but with a gambler's propensity and talent. Possibly you know that my own fortune is of such a wearying size that I have not the ambition to spend the edges of it. Even if I were strong in the spirit of dissipation—it seems indecent to explain, but I want you to understand—my worthy father is one of those who sit around a mahogany directors-table and control this railroad. I didn't approve of the conductor last night, but it is not my business to disapprove. Any way, I made a good fall—thanks to my old athletic trainer. This is to thank you for your cigarette, for your hospitality, but most of all for yourself—a gentleman who can lose gracefully. May you live long for Romance and not for gold. I shall see you shortly in the East. Forget the claim.

The paper that dropped out was a check which I was not in the least surprised later to find good. . . . Why am I a camel with a single and a soft hump? Because I did not know just where to send the money back to Shore Wyndam, and bought a house at Home with it. Afterward, when he entertained us—that “us” is the luscious fruit of the whole story—at Pines-on-the-Peak, he said:

“Don't make me disappointed in you. I am disappointed enough in myself. Any way, we gambled on Sunday. I like you all the better for the lady you have won. She's one of the kind I have never been able to see first. Did you hear that your claim was one of those claims which are named ‘Peter-Out’? . . . I'd love to play you for it again. That was a lovely morning—and that glass of pure water in the sage-brush!”



PUNGENCIES

AN English *tulle* is always one of the season's “best sellers.”

“POETS are born, not made.” Which is only another way of blaming it on the poor stork.

A CHAFING-DISH is merely a frying-pan that's broken into society.

SOME men are always going to make hay while the sun shine—to-morrow!

Reginald Rochester

STAGE-STRUCK

By Lucy Copinger

“D ELI-A! Oh, Deli-ah!” called Delia Harvey’s mother, with the peculiar elongation that she always gave when awakening her daughter.

In her room, Delia stirred in unwilling response, and then sat up, twisting her fingers aimlessly through her long plaits. “Yes, Ma,” she called, “I’m coming;” and then fell back again upon the pillow for a few delicious moments more of sleep. Finally, arousing to a realization of the time needed for the recently acquired complexities of her coiffure, she jumped out of bed and stood for a moment yawning sleepily at her reflection in the glass. She was a commonplace, colorless little thing, with indefinite features, pretty eyes, quantities of light brown hair, and a thin, immature figure. As she stood there, her plaits hanging down her back, she looked little more than a child, in spite of her twenty years. This immaturity always annoyed her.

“Oh, dear!” she muttered sleepily to her reflection. “If I only was n’t so thin!” and then began slowly to pull on her stockings. As she brushed her hair out, she heard the clock in the kitchen strike and knew she must hurry. She adroitly pinned under her own hair preparatory to fastening on her recently acquired string of eight proud puffs. She rummaged around on her bureau. What a faculty those puffs had of getting lost! As she hurriedly tossed her ribbons around, she knocked over a picture of an honest-eyed, broad-faced young man in a heart-shaped frame, and in the act brought to light a small book that lay concealed behind it. She blushed a little when its modest title, “How to Act; A Complete Histrionic Course,” met her eyes, and she slipped it into the farthest corner of her drawer. As she did so, her hand touched a newspaper-cut of a well known actress, carefully mounted. She took this out, laid it down before her, and, pulling her hair out a little on the sides, threw her head back, in imitation of the pictured pose, and let her eyes drop in a haughty sidelong glance, as to her stage-struck mind there appeared this scene:

It was opening night at the great new play-house. Within a few hours would be decided the fate of the play which had been the gossip of that theatrical season. The last rehearsal had lasted far into the

morning, and the nerves of the whole company were taut. Behind the scenes the actors stood in little, silent groups, their make-up already on. Gromunn, the manager, paced the stage with agitated steps. Everywhere was agitation, demoralization. For, added to the terrors of a first night, there had come this appalling absence of the leading woman. Telegrams, frantic messages, all had remained unanswered. The asbestos curtain was already raised, and the house was filling. That peculiar terrifying murmur of the unseen audience, so fearful even to the hardened veterans, could plainly be heard. Suddenly a call-boy appeared with a fatal yellow slip. With trembling hand the manager opened it, and in a few moments all knew the worst. The leading woman had been thrown from her motor-car and severely injured. In the midst of the pandemonium that reigned when the news became known, a slight, brown-haired girl stepped forward. Every one had forgotten her, for hers was not an important part in that night's performance. Indeed, it was only to enter R. U., in cap and apron, dust a chair leg, and exit L. But as she stood quietly there, it could easily be seen that she had temperament.

"I have understudied the part," she said, "and I can play it." She spoke calmly, but it was a very emotional moment.

"What, *you!*" Gromunn roared with a harsh managerial roar. Then stopping and looking at the girl carefully, he saw that she had temperament.

"Go on," he said sharply. "Get into the clothes."

At these words the company looked at one another in amaze. "It is one of the famous Gromunn finds," they murmured.

That night a new star rose among the lights of the Way, and audience and critics alike vied with each other in homage to its brightness. But in the midst of it all a slim girl, unmoved—

"Deli-a-h!" This time the elongation was so pronounced that Delia, clutching her rescued puffs in one hand and her belt in the other, hurried to the kitchen.

"Oh," she gasped, with a reproachful look at her mother, when she caught sight of the clock. A few minutes later, her mouth scalded from hastily gulped coffee, she raced down the steps and into her car, pinning her hat as she ran. As she hurried into her office building she looked fearfully up at the City Hall clock. Late again! If only the Junior Partner, the punctual member of the law firm for whom she worked, had not yet come. This hope, however, was dissipated when she saw the open door into his inner office. She snatched off her hat and coat and fell to work addressing some circulars that lay beside her machine, but she had hardly started these when her bell rang sharply, and, taking up her note-book, she answered the Junior Partner's

call. He was a weary young man, with dark circled eyes, which the romantic heart of Delia chose to consider mysterious. Notwithstanding his impatient spirit, he did not refer to her lateness this morning, except by a brief glance at the clock as Delia seated herself beside his desk in readiness for business.

"I don't want to dictate anything this morning, Miss Harvey," he said shortly. "I want to show you this. It came back this morning for explanations, and I thought you might possibly be able to supply them." He handed Delia a type-written letter that she remembered having sent a week ago.

She read:

MR. JOSEPH K. TOWNSEND,
68 Garrett Street, Boston, Mass.

DEAR SIR:

Your favor of the 30th received with tumultuous applause. We have given the matter contained therein careful consideration, and we find, after going over the affairs of the National Dramatic Bonding Company, that this company is doing business of the emotional style in London, England, and therefore beyond the jurisdiction of the courts here.

We have written to Mr. Grayson Randall, an attorney at law of the *ingénue* type, sending him the papers and facts of the production. Trusting that he will help you,

Very emotionally yours,

BOYKIN & BOYKIN.

At noon Delia sat in the little restaurant where she usually lunched. Her cheeks were still flushed from that interview with the Junior Partner, and her eyes were a little red, but she managed to eat a very delectable doughnut, with unimpaired vigor. She would have liked a piece of pie, too, but she had seen some lovely hats on the Avenue, reduced to a tempting figure, and she was saving for one of them. She fingered the menu card idly while her imagination wandered stageward as usual.

The great theatrical success of the year had just finished its hundredth performance. In front the lights were already out, the audience had poured itself into the bright confusion of the streets and restaurants. In her dressing-room the star, with the assistance of her dresser, was removing her make-up, her beautiful figure enveloped in a lacy negligée. Finally, all traces of rouge and grease-paint having disappeared, she donned the dress that she was to wear that evening, a wonderful creation of clinging satin, her rich evening cloak of ermine around her white shoulders. As she stood thus, diamonds sparkling in her brown hair, any one could have seen that she had temperament. As she glided toward the door a large red touring-car drew up at the

curb, and its owner, a certain honest-faced young man, came toward her. But before he reached her a man in evening dress sprang forward. It was the Junior Partner.

"Miss Harvey!" he cried.

The beautiful actress paused a moment, looked at him with dreadful coldness, then turned cruelly from his pleading eyes, and, entering the waiting machine, was whirled away. On the pavement the man stood motionless with bowed head, a huge bunch of roses crushed at his feet.

It was very emotional.

A large tear dropping on Delia's doughnut recalled her to herself. She hastily paid her check and hurried back to the office. The afternoon passed more tranquilly than the morning, and when five o'clock came she was quite happy again. As she stepped from the elevator on her way out, she ran straight into the waiting form of the honest-eyed young man.

A delicate pink stole into her face at this unexpected encounter, and, seizing her elbow tenderly, he piloted her skilfully through the crowded street. As they walked, he told her the news which they had been tacitly and silently waiting for so long. The expected shake-up in the office had come, and he had gotten the next desk, with three dollars more a week.

"It means a whole lot to me," he concluded, giving the thin little elbow in his grasp a loving squeeze. "You know that," he added, husky with emotion, "don't you, girl?"

Delia's eyes fluttered up for a moment to meet those of the young man, and then fell. Silently she walked the rest of the way, her thoughts straying shyly, deliciously, to that oft-dreamed of and now possible home they would have together. Still in a silent, uplifted ecstasy, she felt herself hoisted, with a final squeeze of her elbow, to a narrow foothold on the platform of a crowded car. Mechanically she worked her way inside, and there, securing the fraction of a strap, she hung dizzy with happiness. And here the stage-curtain dropped in her imagination on this gratifying finale:

"Yes, it is true," said the famous star as she sat in her luxurious dressing-room. "Mr. Gromunn will give you the particulars. There is nothing more I can say."

"But in the height of your career—with such a future——?" the interviewer protested respectfully.

The star smiled dreamily.

"I don't want a career," she said happily. "I am weary of the tinsel and the mask. I want just a home and—love."

Marvelling, the journalist went out.
It was very emotional.

That night, in the darkest corner of the moving-picture theatre, sat Delia and the honest-eyed young man. The beatific state of the girl still continued in a less degree. All around her heart there glowed so much warmth and such a wonderful, painful gladness and tenderness that embraced the whole world. In this excess of feeling she had kissed her tired mother and her work-worn father when she left home that evening. In her unusual affection was mingled a vast great pity for them that they could no longer know the youth of love. And now, as the films moved before her, she felt the tears coming to her eyes in unwonted and deep appreciation of their crude pathos. Finally the title of a well known illustrated song appeared. Through the succeeding rural scenes a man and a maid posed in various sentimental attitudes, while a throaty and unseen tenor voiced feelingly of a certain masculine and lonely longing for a girl.

Moved again to husky emotion, her companion's hand sought Delia's. "Gee, I'm glad I've got one," he murmured tenderly.

Delia was so happy she could only let her hand rest in his without words, but when, in the shadow of her doorway, he drew her brown head to his shoulder and kissed her, she spoke.

"I ain't never even imagined myself so happy," and her eyes closed in blissful surrender.



FOR LOVE OF SONG

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

WHAT though your songs remain unheard?
Unheeded lie of all?
Think you that yonder lyric bird
For this would cease his call?

He sings because he loves to sound
His measures through the dell,
Nor cares if he be never crowned
Because he sings them well.

So sings the Poet true alway,
Like bird upon the wing,
Who cares not for the praise, or bay,
But merely loves to sing!

WHAT IS WRONG WITH OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

By Joseph M. Rogers

Author of "Educating Our Boys," etc.

SIXTH PAPER—A MODEL SCHOOL OUTLINED

WELL, what are you going to do about it? What can you suggest in a practical way that will help things?

Such are the questions which are constantly put to critics of existing conditions, usually in expectation of not receiving any answer.

I think a great deal can be done about it, even if it is impossible to get all that is desired.

Primarily, it is possible to make children take an interest in school, and it is possible to arrange matters so that not all of the energies of youth shall be expended in play. These energies should be so directed as to form character in the right direction and prepare for the responsibilities of life. They should be directed into channels which will develop individuality, while all academic study should have for its object the training of the mind to think accurately and definitely. All men look more or less alike. The difference is in their minds. You cannot tell by looking at a man whether he is a railway manager or a circus clown. Both may have started from the same plane in life, but the development may have been along different lines. As was said in the first article of this series, education develops nothing original in a human being. Personality is a definite creation, but education can do vast things for every individuality, and every one needs special treatment. It is because this principle is not more fully recognized that our schools have failed to accomplish all that is expected. Any human being is a personality plus education. Some persons cannot be educated except along certain lines, nor beyond a certain point; others seem to have few limitations; but it is impossible to run all through the same groove.

The first city in the country definitely to recognize this is Chicago, which is constructing fifty school-houses, to cost \$180,000 each. Every one of them is to have a gymnasium, a swimming pool, a playground,

and manual training and domestic economy outfits. This is going further than any previous effort, but even these plans fall short of what is needed.

I am going to give my idea of how a school might be conducted. It may be false, but it is based on such experience and advice as I can get and such wisdom as has come from others. I am supposing a city school, for there it is possible to inaugurate reforms most easily. The graded school building would have large grounds, be of good architecture and eligibly situated. It would be arranged for classes of no more than twenty-five, but each floor, according to modern construction, would be capable of being thrown into a single room. Artistic and sanitary conditions would exist everywhere. There would be plants and pictures, aquaria and gymnasia, rest rooms, work rooms, and a library, with small laboratories and collections of minerals, woods, etc. There would be simple scientific apparatus, and on each floor arrangements for moving pictures or ordinary lantern slide displays.



This ought to be the most imposing and the best appointed building in the community. It ought to be looked upon by every citizen as the most important place next to his home. It ought to be arranged as a sort of club-house for the neighborhood, and in general be so attractive that children would consider it a deprivation to remain away from it. These are mere material conditions, easily obtained through the expenditure of money, and involving nothing more than is to be found in most high schools or colleges.

The method of instruction would be the most important thing about this institution, because it would in some ways symbolize and vitalize adult life in its important phases without its drudgery. There would be plenty of hard work, plenty of energy put forth, and no less academic training than now, but all would be correlated in a way to develop good character. Here is a suggestion for the way a day should be occupied. It is put forth tentatively, of course, but the main principles I believe to be thoroughly sound. As there would be a good deal to accomplish, it would be easy to open school a little earlier than now, and close later, although the hours of class-room work would be cut in half.

This model school would be in charge of a superintendent and a corps of teachers who would not only be equipped mentally for the work, but would enter into it with enthusiasm, while much of the instruction would come from lecturers who would be connected with the whole system and be in each school but a short time.

After devotional exercises, the principal teachers on each floor

would give a brief summary of the important news of the day which would be of interest and importance to children according to their age. This feature, which is already being introduced, is one which has proved desirable, as to many children it is the only way in which they ever have any idea of what is going on in the world. The next hour would be devoted to academic work in the class-rooms, with the teachers giving the needed help to pupils who are perplexed. The children would not be expected to sit rigidly in silence at their desks, neither would they be allowed to make a disturbance. They should be made to take such an interest in their work that discipline would scarcely be thought of.

The second morning-hour would be devoted to the same general purposes, except that the teaching would now be more general, and the sidelights would be brought out by every possible means, so that the children should understand exactly what is in hand. It is better to go over less ground and have everything clear than to leave pupils befogged about anything. That is what discourages most children. They do not understand, and are often either ashamed to confess their ignorance or are afraid to do so lest they be treated harshly. A little intelligent sympathy will go further in the school-room than anywhere else in the world.



By eleven o'clock the larger boys would go to the workshops, the smaller ones to the gymnasium. Some of the girls would go to the kitchens to prepare the lunch, and others to the sewing-room and laundry. As it would be impossible to accommodate all of the children in this way at any one time, the teachers would have a few pupils in each room to stimulate in various directions, and these in turn would go to the workshops after lunch. The boys would be learning some practical business lessons—bookkeeping, typewriting, etc.

The lunch, which would be simple and substantial, would be wholly prepared and served by the girls, under competent direction. With given materials provided by the public at a fixed cost, so many good lunches would be prepared. Some of the older girls would be sent to market to purchase supplies for a small number—say, six persons—for a given sum; they would cook this and serve to selected pupils for a week, when another set would undertake the task. The idea of this would be to train the young girls in practical marketing. Too few married women have more than a smattering of knowledge of how to buy economically the most nutritious and palatable food, or how to cook it properly.

It seems to me that here we have a feature in our educational system which has hitherto been more or less of a fad, but which ought to be

made of the first importance and universal in its application. When physicians tell us that bad cooking is as much responsible for crime and disease as is drinking alcoholic liquors, it is time we took steps in the matter instead of leaving reform only to prohibitionists. Of course, in a school most of the supplies would be furnished under contract in large quantities, but there would be a stimulus to domestic economy by making a group of girls compete each week for honors in furnishing and cooking lunches for a limited number.



After lunch there would be time for recreation, and then the boys would go to the shops and the girls to the sewing-room, typewriting and commercial rooms, while those who had had this exercise in the morning would have some academic work. The principal feature of the afternoon instruction would be illustrated lectures by experts. These lectures would cover elementary science, history, travel, literature, and politics in its broadest sense. The lecturers would go from floor to floor, on each of which should be a moving-picture equipment. One has only to reflect upon the extraordinary craze nowadays for these moving pictures to see that they have great potentialities. Many persons look upon them as an evil. It ought to be apparent to any thinking person that there must be some reason for this craze, and that it is more than a passing fancy. It is true that most people go to them to be amused, but there must be a substantial basis to the interest manifested or it would long ago have died out. Instead of condemning this movement by wholesale, we should endeavor to turn it to the best uses. I venture to say that the money paid to the picture shows by the children of the average city school would be sufficient to pay the cost of a highly educational display in the school-rooms.

Of course the subjects for these shows would be very different in the main from those to be found in the ordinary place of entertainment, but they need be none the less interesting. It would be easy to teach many subjects in this way in much less time than from books, and the pupils would remember them much more easily. It is certain that elementary science, history, and geography could be taught this way better than from books.

I have already suggested that literature should be taught largely by the inspiration gained through a good elocutionist, who would visit the schools periodically. In addition, much time should be devoted to music. There is no reason why this branch should be confined to a little vocal music as at present. The public schools ought to teach anything and everything that is good for children, and every child ought to have some proficiency in playing a musical instrument. In

addition, there would be a well stocked library, and children should be encouraged to take home the proper books to read.

This is a mere outline of what I consider would be a vast improvement upon present methods, and the only thing in the way of adopting it is lack of money. Yet every family spends a good deal on these very things, and it would be cheaper and better to have them done in the schools and pay the expense in taxes. It would give the poorer children advantages which they do not have now, and which they have little prospect of securing. If it pays parents of means to spend two hundred and fifty dollars a year in private schools educating their children, it will pay in the long run for the State to educate all of the children up to that standard, although it will not cost half so much.

The manual training I have in mind is not of the petty sort now taught in schools, but would be serious work, under the charge of competent mechanics. The University of Cincinnati has recently put all its engineering students one-half of the time in the workshops of manufacturers, the other half being devoted to academic study. The results are said to be excellent. The young engineer gets experience while he is getting his theory. The University was led to do this for the reason that most of the young engineers turned out in the various institutions of the country required at least two years' experience before they were considered fit for any important work. The same thing happens in the case of boys who leave the grammar or high schools. Many of them have to go to business colleges to learn something that is of value to them.



There may be those who think that such a plan as I have outlined would be making school too easy. On the contrary, it calls for a good deal of earnest application, but it would be along lines of interest to the boy or girl, and there would be no unusual fatigue. Go into any school in the country and you will find scholars who are considered "dull," by which is meant that they are poor book scholars. They are likely to be mischievous, but are pretty sure to have some good qualities in other directions than study. They often grow up to be successful men, and have a poor opinion of education ever afterwards. The fact is that these boys were not dull. In most cases they became confused. They were not approached properly. They could not fit the groove prepared for them. They were not interested. It is hard to believe that such a varied curriculum as I have pointed out would fail to interest every normal child, or that it would not be supported by every intelligent parent.

I believe that half the time now devoted to school-work is unprofit-

ably employed. I do not mean that the teachers are wasting their time, but that their energies are put forth to little purpose. There is too much grind, too much monotony, too much useless information imparted, and too little stimulation.

Why should we teach girls grammar and not domestic economy? Why should we teach boys compound numbers and not also the use of hammer and saw? It is all very well to say that parents should teach these things at home, but the self-evident fact is that they do not. Why should not every boy have the benefit of some business training, no matter what he expects to do in life? In this country, for all its democracy, we have classes which are plainly marked. Why do the few succeed and the many grub along content if they can save a little each year, some not even accomplishing this? It is easy to say that there are only a few who have capacity, and that opportunities are few, but that is not all of the case. What we have hitherto called education has not been of a kind to develop the latent possibilities in the youth. It has been the exception that a boy has found in public school the inspiration which he needed. If we gave every boy a chance to develop; if we insisted on developing him wisely along the line of his greatest possibilities, there would be fewer failures. And it is worth while calling attention to the fact that in the large cities the foreign born children are those who are taking the greatest interest in secondary education. These are the children of parents who were reared in poverty in Europe, who never had any opportunity, and who are sure to seize all they can here. They make any sacrifice in order that their children may get the best of such education as is now afforded. It is true that they are likely to take a limited view of success, but, according to their lights, they are much more persistent and energetic than are most native born Americans.



I have said frequently and wish to repeat here that education does not originate anything, but the right kind of education will develop almost anything that is latent in a human being. But we are wrong in thinking that education simply means acquiring a knowledge of what is in books. It is true that pretty much all that man has learned is to be found in books, but the learned man is not always well educated, in the proper sense of the term. Unless the knowledge in books is an inspiration, or a direct help in the important affairs of life, it is either useless or a luxury that most persons can ill afford.

Take the case of a young woman who has graduated with honors from the high school. Is she truly educated if she cannot take care of a home and run it economically? How many such girls to-day can go out and purchase economically the materials for any sort of meal

and prepare it with any degree of efficiency? There are a good many who can do this after a fashion, but in these days the chemistry of cooking is a science. There are certain things which we ought to eat in certain proportions, there are some things which we ought not to eat at all, and most food is of value according as it is cooked. No girl is properly educated who cannot run a home as well as a man does his business and on essentially the same principles. That is why I have laid so much stress on cooking in the schools, and am in favor of having the State provide the materials for the luncheons. If the schools can make better housewives, they will justify almost any expense.

There is a fundamental principle underlying the fact that a boy would rather spend three hours in making a wall-bracket with a jig-saw than devote half an hour to the study of mensuration. We want to apply that principle in the schools. We want boys and girls to learn something definitely, to think clearly about a few things, and to gain self-confidence. We do not want them to "guess" so much, but to know more. Nothing to me is so irritating in visiting schools as to see how hazy are most pupils about everything they have not committed to memory. Now, of course there can be no education without a very vigorous exercise of the memory, but remembering things is not the same as applying them to some useful purpose.



We set great store on book learning largely because the invention of printing made the dissemination of learning easy at a time when the world was waking up from centuries of sleep. To most people books were such wonderful things that they became almost a fetiche. The universities grew rapidly, and although the "best sellers" of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries had small circulations compared with modern novels, the books in that day were more eagerly read and much better digested than at present. With the dawn of the new era the works of the old scholars were placed at the disposal of millions instead of hundreds. Schools began to use books in great profusion, and the practice has been kept up ever since, almost to the exclusion of every other educational factor, although in reality books form only one.

The reason we are not better educated in books is that so many pupils acquire a distaste for them in the schools. Books to them seem unrealities, and it is only a small proportion of pupils who acquire in school any taste for reading. It comes either later or not at all. Thus by making children understand that education is nothing but book-learning, we are really defeating the object which we are ostensibly striving to gain.

We want our children to get that sort of education which will make

it possible for them to use all the opportunities for achievement which may be open to them; which will assist in developing good character. Books will be of great service to this end, but they are only one factor, and we must employ all the rest. The life of the child is not different in its essential aspects from that of a grown person. The child is not obliged to support itself; otherwise its problems are much like those of the adult. Its perspective is to be developed along the same lines, its horizon to be widened. The general principles of rights and duties are the same. In fact, the child is in no sense different from the adult save in its lack of experience, a deficiency which it is constantly lessening. In view of this, it is perfectly absurd that we should continue to maintain schools as they have been for four hundred years, and on a basis which, applied to adults, would be considered barbaric.

I have the greatest sympathy for the dull scholar, not only because he or she is often made the butt of ridicule in the class-room and at home, but because it is generally the fault of the school and not of the child. The late Senator Hoar in his reminiscences calls attention to the fact that most of the brilliant men in Harvard are never heard of afterwards, while the men of achievement come from those with low academic rank. General U. S. Grant was near the foot of his class, while those who win honors at West Point are not always the greatest commanders.



My own experience and observation in this respect are rather large, and have extended over many States for two generations. In my own college the dull men have turned out more successful in every respect than the brilliant scholars. I remember one man who was the despair of all the professors, and who got through by main strength and energy rather than by academic skill, but he is to-day one of the leading surgeons of the West. He looks back on some of the years in college as absolutely wasted because he was all the time fighting against the current. The most intellectual man I ever knew in college, a man of really remarkable attainments, is clerking in a country store. I remember a boy who at sixteen was considered by his parents and teachers as impossible of mental development. They believed him subnormal. They were trying to teach him higher mathematics at a time he wanted to be building toy engines. No one ever thought of educating him along the line of his capabilities, and it was only by accident that he got the chance he wanted. He is now one of the leading constructing engineers of the country.

I know a man whose academic instruction was to such little advantage that in the preparation of his graduating oration from college he

wrote the word "go" in four different ways. His professors saw him leave with relief mingled with pity for such a derelict. To-day he has ten fine farms out west. Another lad who spent five years trying to get through the first year in the high school is now a leader in business and intellectual progress in one of the great States of the Middle West. It is not necessary to multiply instances. In every case of which I have any cognizance the trouble was with the educational system and not with the boy or girl involved. We are not any more fitted for the same sort of instruction than we are for the same sort of husbands or wives. In other words, individuality is supreme, and all that we can do is to furnish a curriculum so elastic that every sort of normal child will get some good out of it, and can by a process of natural selection discover what interests him most. And what interests boys as well as men is generally that which is best for them to be instructed in.



In summing up these articles, I desire to repeat that all the criticism in which I have indulged is purely in the hope of starting readers to thinking of the problem to the end that better things may be accomplished. The situation is undeniably bad, and it is going to be worse unless it gets better very soon. Things educational cannot stand still. If this country fulfils its manifest destiny, it is going to become a large factor in the reawakening of the Far East. There half of the world lies in a state of calm from which it is just being aroused. In China alone there are more than four hundred millions of people, who within a generation are to develop greatly—probably not so rapidly as the Japanese, but more substantially. What China does in the next fifty years will have a vast effect upon the rest of the world, and this country wants to have its share in turning her into the right channels. We want to do this not only from high moral points of view, but, frankly, because it will pay us.

There are fifty thousand young children in this country who may be of vast use to themselves, to their country, and to the world by going to the Far East in a truly constructive educational capacity, although it will be in a business capacity as well. Are we educating young men for such places in commerce, in science, and in intellectual development? We are not doing so in our schools to any great extent. Those who are going to help remake China are not merely students of books, but are educated in a broader manner. In no country in the world now or at any time has book learning been placed on so high a plane as in China. There, until within a very years, every political promotion has depended solely upon academic proficiency. The examinations are many and severe, and have no relation whatever to the practical affairs

of life. We have been laughing at this situation for years. Why should a man be made *taotai*, or governor, simply because he can write the best treatise on some abstruse saying of Confucius, or elaborate the most fanciful ideas on a line from some ancient sage who lived and died in a monastery? It is ridiculous. It is so absurd that China has begun to see it.

Now, the plain fact is that in a lesser way we are doing exactly what the Chinese have been doing so long. We do not go to such extremes, but our basic principle is the same. We have no reason to criticise China so long as with our greater knowledge and experience we do essentially the same thing. Our educators have been too much the type of Chinese mandarins. We have no occasion for priding ourselves over our educational progress. We are very much behind the times, and we must hurry if we are to maintain our place among the nations.



It is too much to expect that all readers will agree with me in every detail. I care not if they differ from me in every respect except that improvement is necessary. There is no doubt that the teachers want a change, that the parents want a change, and that a change will come when there is more organized intelligence brought to bear upon this important subject.

The twentieth century is essentially different from the nineteenth. It is not merely a continuation of an older epoch. We are making an absolutely new one with a rapidity which is astounding. Inside of ten years we have remade chemistry, conquered the air, and rediscovered electricity, and the work of reconstruction and progress is only begun. We do not want this great constructive work left to a few and those the results of accidents in education. We want to make every child that is born in this century heir to the best that the human race has achieved. The thing for us to do is with intelligence and determination to establish that best possible adjustment between the things which the family can do best and those which the State can do best. Socialism is making progress simply because we have not made the best use of individualism. We must change this or there will be peril.

There is a problem of the greatest importance in the world before all parents, and that is the training of the children committed to them. That problem in importance far transcends any other in the whole world. It is time to stop fooling with this problem, or ignoring it. Let us give our children the best there is in the world, and this will be more easy of accomplishment if there be first the willing mind.

THE CHAUFFEUR

By Eleanor M. Ingram

Author of "The Substitute," etc.



"YOU'VE been shuffing for me—don't stop your work; I like watching it—a month," observed Mr. Carrigan.

"Yes, sir," his chauffeur assented pleasantly.

Mr. Carrigan placed his thumbs in the pockets of his white waistcoat and surveyed the sunny immaculateness of his model garage. Through the wide doors at either end were visible close-shaven, vivid lawns and terraces, with to the east the violet and purple vistas of the Hudson; the whole scene clear-cut in the bright noon.

"Whenever I've had a notion to go, the *automobile* has forthcame. You have n't told me something was smashed, when you did n't feel like shuffing. You have n't grafted me for new parts and absorbed the price. You have n't gone joy-riding with it. And you have n't mixed whiskey with gasoline."

"Not yet," confirmed the chauffeur, with unruffled amiability.

A wide Hibernian smile overspread his employer's face.

"Not yet," he echoed drily, and watched the placing of a spark plug.

"I thought you young when I first got you, but—how old may you be, Hammond?"

"Twenty-four, sir."

"Ah! But you have n't broken down yet, and you have n't wanted to send the *automobile* to a repair shop; I guess you're old enough."

Hammond straightened up, shutting the bonnet. He wore overalls, his sleeves were rolled high, and there was a black streak of oil across his forehead, but his blue eyes flashed their direct young smile at the older man.

"I believe when you hired a driver, sir, you wanted him to drive your car; and keep it fit to drive. That's only business. I don't think we'll need a repair shop yet awhile."

"For what do you say driver instead of shuffer?" inquired Mr. Carrigan curiously.

"Because it's easier," came the laconic truth.

Mr. Carrigan slapped his ample hands on his thighs with a laugh that jarred the garage.

"Good enough! You're the first one ever I heard confess it, Hammond. Now go get cleaned up, will you? I'm going down to the station to fetch my daughter from Europe. And you'll have a lot of driving her around, hereafter; that's why I'm glad I've got a man who won't break her neck."

"Yes, sir."

"I'll wait here; the garage is the most cheerful place in the house. By which it is n't in the house by half a block."

Hammond laughed, turning to run lightly up the stairs to the other floor of his domain. Mr. Carrigan sat down, lit a cigar with fine disregard of his own orders concerning smoking in the garage, and idly listened to the sounds from above. There was much splashing of water, there was the thump of an elusive soap-ball, and the dull thud of garments flung boy-like at a chair. The listener's expression grew reminiscent.

"A nice kid!" he mused half aloud. "And when I push the button, he comes. Me remembering that at his age Mike Carrigan was a canal-boat hand on the Erie!" He bent a meditative gaze on the huge, gaudy touring car. "He, too, with the science to run that. Money's great!"

There was a final clatter upstairs.

"Ready, sir," announced the khaki-clad Hammond, reappearing.

Mr. Carrigan abstractedly allowed himself to be put into the dust-coat his chauffeur produced from beneath a seat, and to be shut into the red-cushioned interior.

"The station," he directed, as Hammond drew on gauntlets with a certain business-like verve.

At the railway station, a rococo effort in made stone, a number of cars and carriages were waiting when they arrived. The train was late, it seemed. Mr. Carrigan got out and stood on the platform, a bulky figure of wealth; his duster pushed back and his thumbs in the pockets of the snowy waistcoat with its double watch-chain, his motor cap set solidly on his reddish-gray head. But he was plainly nervous, none the less.

A long whistle down the line, a roar and rush, as the train came in at last. A number of people descended; finally a French maid, a thin, stiff lady of middle age, and behind them——

Mr. Carrigan was half-way down the platform when the whirlwind of chiffons fell upon him.

"Daddy, Daddy!" cried a clear, girlish voice in a very ecstasy; eager arms were about his neck, eager gray eyes looked into his. "Daddy, it is so *good* to see you!"

"And I wondered would I be afraid of you," he confessed.

"Of me!"

"After your foreign schooling, Gillian girl——"

She kissed him in public, unashamed; a dimpled, auburn-haired girl with his own sane clearness of regard. Her maid and trunks were being put in a depot wagon. Mrs. Ivor, Gillian's former governess and the present monitor of Mr. Carrigan's household, advanced to give a limp hand in greeting.

"We had a shocking voyage," she vouchsafed, rebuke in every dry accent. "Gillian, I would be more self-contained in public; consider these people, your neighbors!"

"Bother the people," muttered Mr. Carrigan.

But he entered the car with constraint, glancing about him. Gillian also was subdued, though she left her hand in his. The chauffeur closed the door upon them, and some glint of sympathy in the momentary encounter of his blue eyes prompted his employer to transgress again.

"Gillian, this is Hammond, the best shuffer I've had," he said.

"He'll be driving you all over, I guess."

Gillian bent her head in coolly gracious acknowledgment.

"Really——" faltered Mrs. Ivor, rigid.

But the matter-of-fact salute Hammond gave and his unperturbed return to his seat inspired the retort needed.

"I guess she's got to know her own servants," drawled Mr. Carrigan.

It was on a drive a month later, that Gillian Carrigan first consciously noticed the servant in question.

"I'm sick of smooth roads; we'll go through the Highlands," Mr. Carrigan declared, at breakfast. "Come mountain climbing in the automobile, Gillian girl."

"Lovely!" she approved, a morning brightness as she sat opposite in one of the ornate and ruffled gowns he delighted to see her wear at all hours.

"Mr. Van Camp suggested he might call this morning," reminded Mrs. Ivor delicately. "Such a desirable family, my dear."

"Let him call; I'm going with Daddy," Gillian retorted. "I should rather have him than a dozen Howard Van Camps."

But she colored, and Mr. Carrigan sighed while he smiled, looking at her.

The drive was through a series of wild slopes and gorges, over narrow roads that plunged recklessly along the edge of precipices. Glimpses of the azure Hudson lying far below, the splash of brooks in dark gullies, the new sense of adventure, went to the young girl's head and set her pulses flying.

"I want to go that way!" she cried, at last. "Where that squirrel ran, Daddy."

"Down there, Hammond," called her father, his arm around her.

The road aside pitched sharply to a long incline, twisting through the forest. Half a mile down it, Hammond infringed the rules of etiquette for the first time.

"I think, sir," he remarked pleasantly, "that you had better get out and take Miss Carrigan."

"It's not safe?" demanded Mr. Carrigan, startled.

"It's safe enough here, sir, but the brakes won't hold her, and there's a short turn at the bottom."

"Something's broke?"

"Oh, no; just her brakes are n't strong enough."

"I paid for——"

A smile touched the chauffeur's lips.

"For varnish and upholstery, sir. Would you get out?"

They were grinding slowly down the hill, a deep gorge beside them. A few hundred feet farther on the narrow road made an abrupt bend, almost a right angle, with a sheer fall of cliff on either side.

"Why can't we keep on like this?" Gillian asked. "We are moving slowly."

The corner of a dark-blue eye looked back at her.

"Because the car may be too long to turn down there without stopping to back, and I can't stop. Mr. Carrigan, I can't help because I've got my foot on the brake that don't lock, and I'm steering—will you step out and lift down Miss Carrigan?"

The feat was simple at that pace. Mr. Carrigan was out in an instant and holding up his arms to Gillian. But she leaned over the front seat with an impulsive cry:

"Why, *you* would be killed! Daddy, Hammond will go over the cliff!"

Her silk coat, her floating perfumed veils, brushed the young chauffeur as he half turned to answer. His laughing, boyish eyes encountered her straight gaze of horrified admiration.

"Thanks, but I think not," he said. "Will you go, please?"

Mr. Carrigan swung her to the ground, then ran after his sliding car.

"Get off, man," he commanded tersely. "I'll not have you murdered with the thing! Get off."

Hammond shook his dark head; the machine was moving faster as the incline grew suddenly more steep.

"No danger," he called back. "If she won't make it, I'll try dropping the jack before the wheels and blocking her."

"What does he mean?" gasped Gillian, gathering up her blue muslin ruffles to pursue her father. "Daddy, don't let him!"

He caught her hand soothingly.

"I don't seem to have much to say, Gillian girl. I'm thinking he'll manage."

Hand in hand they stood watching as the car neared the turn and slid grating around it. A rear wheel slipped over the verge, sending a shower of earth rattling down. Gillian cried out, but the big machine struggled ahead onto the road.

"He's made it—he's stopped!" ejaculated Mr. Carrigan. "Come on, Gillian."

When they reached the car Hammond had opened the door and was waiting demurely in his seat.

"You nearly got over," said his employer grimly. "And if you'd tried blocking her on the bend, you'd have got over sure."

"We could n't back, and there was no room to turn around; it was the only way, sir," returned the placid Hammond.

"You might have been killed," Gillian panted, flushed, her lips apart, her auburn curls tumbled under her blue hood. "Oh, and I brought us here!"

Their glances met again.

"I think it would have blocked," said the chauffeur. "Straight on, Mr. Carrigan?"

Which was rather a superfluous question.

The big castle-house was very gay during the weeks that followed. There were visitors from the neighborhood, chiefly families with marriageable sons. There were house parties composed of Gillian's former schoolmates, or people she had met while travelling. On such occasions it became Mr. Carrigan's habit to repair to the garage.

"I've made the plenty of money; that's my part," he explained to his chauffeur, one afternoon. "Now I'll keep out of sight until the little girl's settled. I'm not for society; when I married Gillian's mother, I was mighty proud over owning a canal-boat and four mules."

"Which is more than some others own," commented Hammond blithely, dashing a pail of water over the red wheels.

Mr. Carrigan chuckled.

"Meaning the young fellows in pretty clothes running after Gillian? That's truth. But let her take her pick; I'm rich enough to pay for it. And I'm thinking the pick's most made."

A bee hummed in the door and out again. Mr. Carrigan blew a whiff of tobacco—cheap tobacco—smoke into the summer air and watched the blue ring dilate and drift.

"The first pipe I've smoked in years," he mused. "The aromer would poison that Turk smoking-room up there. Yes, I'm keeping in the rear until my girl gets everything fixed as she wants. I'm what Van Camp calls plebeian. And it's no trick, either"—his jaw set

defiantly as he looked at the other—"for when she's married I'll still keep out. She's an aristocrat by bringing up; let her marry one like herself, and I'll not spoil their parlor by sitting in it."

Hammond, once more in overalls, stood up and ran his fingers through his black hair, pushing back the short, thick clusters; but said nothing.

"Can't you speak?" demanded his employer testily.

"If I'm not just a background to think against——"

"You're not."

"Well, then—does Miss Carrigan like that?"

"She knows nothing about it, man! It's to fix her happy I'm working. But whiles——"

The pause was so long that the chauffeur quietly picked up a sponge and proceeded with his work.

"But whiles I'm thinking I'll be lonesome." Mr. Carrigan rose, knocking the ashes out of the pipe. "I like riding in that automobile better than anything else idle I've struck. When I leave here I'll give Gillian a new car and a new shuffer—will you come tour America driving for me, Hammond?"

"I'll be glad to, sir," accepted Hammond, gravely cordial.

They looked at each other across the red bonnet; the younger man straight and slim in his blue working dress, the sponge still in his hand; the older man painfully immaculate in an afternoon costume suggestive of church.

"Here," said Mr. Carrigan, holding out the cold pipe. "Find a shelf for that where I can get it handy when I run in."

July passed into August. When September approached, Mrs. Ivor advised a month at Atlantic City for Gillian.

"Howard Van Camp's people have a cottage there," she intimated. "Really, Mr. Carrigan, as he is so very eligible and so much interested in Miss Carrigan, it is only fair to her——"

"How much do you want?" asked Mr. Carrigan, reaching for a check-book.

So it was arranged. Gillian protested that she did not want to go, only to be overruled.

The day after the ladies' departure, Hammond came to his employer in the huge, appalling library.

"I should like a vacation, sir," he stated. "I have a substitute who is safe, if you care to try him."

Mr. Carrigan put down his newspaper. The place gave a formality to conversation with the man whom he saw every day in the pleasant *sans-gêne* of the garage.

"You want to see your folks?" he hazarded.

Hammond shook his head.

"I have no folks living, sir."

"Well, you've earned it," was the reluctant concession. "Take a month, if you want it."

He reached for the inevitable check-book, but Hammond made a quick gesture of dissent.

"I want it without pay," he declared.

Mr. Carrigan stared, stupefied.

"You're leaving?" he doubted.

"Not if you care to take me back when I come, sir. But——"

"Well?"

The chauffeur's direct young eyes met the other's.

"Do we stand square now, Mr. Carrigan? Count for count, if we broke would we break even?"

"We would."

"Thank you, sir. Then we're both free. I'll be back on time, if you want me."

Bewildered, with a strange sense of imminent blankness, Mr. Carrigan got on his feet.

"I'll want you," he predicted, and held out his hand.

Hammond moved, coloring, but gave the clasp firmly and naturally. He had reached the door when the other's voice halted him:

"You've got a lot of learning, Hammond; where did you get it?"

"I had a high school education, sir; that means a good deal in New York, especially if one's fond of reading. Afterward I had my course in a school of motor driving and construction."

"I taught myself to read," said Mr. Carrigan drily, "and stopped there; barring what I picked up. Good luck to your pleasuring."

The next month was dull at the house. The substitute driver was perfectly competent—Hammond had attended to that—but he refused to hear the title of driver, and always corrected his employer's use of *shuffer* by murmuring under his breath "*shofure*." On the single occasion of Mr. Carrigan's venturing into the garage, he was received glacially and met with the insinuation that no inspection was necessary or agreeable.

But at last Gillian, Mrs. Ivor, and their attendant train came back.

"Did you have a good time?" inquired Mr. Carrigan, at their meeting.

"I love you," whispered Gillian, both arms about his neck. "I love you."

He patted her auburn curls, not daring to ask if she were engaged to Van Camp, lest it spoil the golden hour.

But after dinner she came to him in the library, shutting out

every one else. It was the first of October now; a bright fire burned on the hearth, warming the ungenial gorgeousness of the room and shining on Gillian in her pretty evening-gown as she sat in a low chair by her father.

"Did you see much of young Van Camp?" asked Mr. Carrigan, when suspense ceased to be a respite.

"Yes, Daddy."

"And—and did he come to time?"

She turned to lean her arm upon his knee, looking up into his face. A strange, vivid unrest glowed through her like a wavering flame, firing eyes and cheeks and lips.

"Do you want me to marry Mr. Van Camp, dear?"

"He's your kind," he hesitated, with a gulp. "Sure."

"He is not," she flashed. "Not that! What is the use of pretending? Daddy, I am your daughter; the daughter of a working-man, not a fine gentleman. Can't you see I am not like his sisters? Why"—she extended a bare white arm—"look at my very hand; smooth and dimpled and soft, yes, but is it like their long, slender fingers? It is your hand, and I'm your girl. And I'm glad! Daddy dear, what would we do with Howard Van Camp, we two? Where would he fit in?"

"I'd pay the bills, Gillian girl; and I'd get out."

She laid her head on his knee.

"Daddy, I want us to be happy, you and I. My dear, my dear, how we could live; you and I, and the right man!"

There were no words to match that thought. After an instant the French clock on the mantel struck eight, chiming across the silence. As the last note fell, some one knocked.

"Come in," bade the master.

"Hammond would wish to see you sir; he has got back," was the stately announcement.

"Fine!" ejaculated Mr. Carrigan, sitting up animatedly. "Have him in, and be quick. There's a shuffer, Gillian girl! I've missed the boy—— Why, Gillian!"

Her eyes still on his, the lambent quiver had passed over her face, the scarlet rose over her forehead.

"Yes," she breathed, as Hammond came into the room.

It was a moment before Mr. Carrigan looked at his former chauffeur.

"So while you were shuffling for me, you were courting my daughter, Hammond," he said.

"No, sir, never," Hammond retorted quickly. "I never spoke or showed one thought to her while I was in your employ. I never have used or repeated anything learned from you or in your house.

I never saw her alone until this month. I loved her; but I might have done that from passing her on the road. I was loyal to you, until last month we broke even. You agreed that I was free then?"

"I did."

"Thank you"—his dark head lifted with a boyish dignity. "I spent my vacation at Atlantic City, sir, and took my chance with the other men your daughter met there. Ask her if I did not start there, not here."

"And you licked Van Camp?"

"I—hope so," said Hammond softly, his gentle gaze on the girl. "But she will not come to me without your consent. We're trying to play the game, sir. If I've not held back because I had no money, it was because I knew the other men had n't any either."

Still Gillian's head rested on her father's knee, still her earnest eyes searched his face, though her rich color varied in answer to each varying tone in her lover's voice.

"And if I've made any unfair use of what I learned in the garage," the younger man concluded simply, "it was only in remembering that you did n't dislike me, sir, and did n't expect much happiness from the other marriage. If Mr. Van Camp had won, I should have come back to drive for you, as I promised."

"Home, Daddy," whispered Gillian. "Really a home. Oh, Daddy—you and I and Phil!"

Mr. Carrigan straightened himself in the chair and held out his hand.

"I guess you'd better bring my pipe over from the garage to the house, Phil Hammond," he pronounced. "I guess, since I'll not be getting out now, that Turk smoking-room had better be getting used to you and me. I'm suited, all right, with my own kind."



EVANESCENCE

BY MAHLON LEONARD FISHER

BEAUTY goes with all she gave;
Every gladness finds a grave;
Summers waken, summers wane:
Who shall say they wake in vain?

DOCTOR BLODGETT'S DUTY

By Arthur Stanley Riggs, F.R.G.S.

★

DOCTOR HARVEY BLODGETT, since the day when he found upon his consulting-room table a brief note from his wife, announcing her flight westward with Hendren, had prayed that he might meet the scoundrel face to face.

Not the type of man to wax hysterical, Blodgett had met his crisis with an external calm so well assumed that the truth occurred neither to friends nor acquaintances. His simple—and voluntary—statement that Clara's health required a change of scene, and that he had accordingly sent her to Colorado, passed as coin current exchangeable in ready sympathy. But beneath his mask the ascetic raged, devoting himself to his surgery in the endeavor to unseat the gnawing, clawing demon that people could not see.

Slowly the man changed, hardening in every fibre, losing his almost feminine sympathy as he gained in skill and daring and in a reckless confidence that made no case hopeless, no delicate impossibility too obviously impossible to his ambidextrous bistoury. And with the mental change ran the physical. The two years of ceaseless struggle which brought him to the top of his profession also bleached the dark curls that Clara had once twisted about her slender fingers, faded the clear olive skin, and thinned the compact frame to a tense structure of nerve and supple muscle.

Promotion, honor, financial cares, came seeking him in his distress; and impatiently he accepted them. What did anything matter? He knew he had been to blame for devoting more time to the operating theatre than to impressionable Clara; but he had never risen above his professional obsession long enough to consider her a weakling. Upon his own broad shoulders he set the first blame; but if he could meet the cad who had played upon her childish innocence . . . !

Blodgett could never quite think out that thought to a practical end; but he could stand off from himself in day-dreams and eagerly watch an impalpable Harvey Blodgett experiment upon an equally intangible Rufus Hendren.

Feeling at such moments the purely scientific interest of a spectator, Blodgett conceived his other self as administering slow poisons to the victim, secretly analyzing his agonies until the moment came

for the revelation of their purpose and of the surgeon's identity. Or again, the shadowy operator would employ the knife in vivisectioning the degenerate whom Fate had given into his charge for the benefit of humanity. What would not the medico-surgical world give for the results of actual experiments upon a living human organism, instead of doubtful theories evolved from the torture of hapless brutes? Poisons, inoculations, the knife—he dreamed a long catalogue, and it was good; the score should be paid. "With what measure ye mete," he quoted day and night.

The dreams remained dreams; Hendren remained invisible, Clara made no sign, and gradually his neighbors and associates forgot Blodgett's "invalid wife." But though the dreams availed him nothing, he could not escape the reward of his daring, and at last, after much pressure, he accepted charge of the most important hospital in the State. In some ways it was a gratifying appointment; and within twenty-four hours he had signalized the wisdom of his selection by the successful performance of an operation which never before resulted in life for the patient. Triumphant, he came from the operating theatre, but his elation proved short-lived as an attendant handed him a letter, the superscription of which he recognized with a shock.

The note was short and pitiful. She had discovered Hendren's real nature too late. Deserted, starving, ill from abuse and heart-break, her spirit still bore her up to confession, and Blodgett perceived bitterly the underlying fineness in her, the fineness he might have developed had he but given it thought.

Don't mind about me [ran the tremulous scrawl], for I am only being paid in the coin of my own counterfeiting. It is doubtful I shall live long enough to make another mistake. I know you despise me, but in spite of that, I want so much to live long enough to see you once more. But I'm afraid I can't. I have barely strength to write. So good-by. . . .

Rambling and incoherent for all its brevity, breathing devotion and remorse in every line, crying passionately for haven and forgiveness, the note smote him as an icy blast. Suddenly he felt the strain and weariness of the operation; his hands ached in every muscle, his head tingled at the hot band drawn tightly about it, his body shivered with cold. Yet there a sense of satisfaction in the reading of the missive. While it started the old, cankering heartache afresh, it confirmed his long-unsatisfied determination: Hendren must die, and by his hand. Blodgett's mind was at last clear upon that vital point.

It should be done surely, quickly, relentlessly; the old visions of a visionary executioner vanished, and he saw the matter in its true light, saw himself as he was. Hendren had returned to the East,

Clara had said, and in the morning Blodgett would begin the pursuit. Money for the search was available; skill in tracking could be bought; the end need not be delayed.

Turning to his desk, Harvey scribbled a telegram. She would understand—dying or not, she would obey. "Come home," he wrote with sputtering pen. "Charter private car and bring physician. Harvey."

A rap at his door startled him, and, thrusting the message in the drawer, Doctor Blodgett, once more the surgical sphinx, strode across the room and admitted a white-clad interne.

"What is it?" he demanded impatiently.

"Very sorry, sir; but you said you wished to be called for any serious case."

"Another operation?"

"Yes, the ambulance has just arrived. Without you, we can't possibly save him."

Doctor Blodgett opened his lips, but closed them again without speaking. He motioned to the younger surgeon to precede him, and stepped into the hall, locking the door carefully behind him.

"What's the matter?" he inquired tersely, as they went down the corridor toward the big, white, vaulted room of knives and anæsthetics. With equal brevity the interne explained, Blodgett nodding and saying nothing. He entered the operating-room with a smile of confidence that inspired the young man as if it were the favor of a god.

Upon the table lay a form at which Blodgett scarcely glanced as he rolled up his sleeves and dressed hastily for the task. Skilled assistants and nurses were laying out the necessary instruments, the hot water, the razors, the basins, and the steam-sterilized napkins. Respectful silence, broken only by the moaning breath of the unconscious patient, greeted Blodgett as he stepped over to the operating-table and examined the frightful injuries. Stretched face downward lay the stranger, his wounded head so disposed that a glance told the story. Yet something impelled the great surgeon to step to one side and look at the features turned from him.

Hendren! For a moment Blodgett did not breathe. By what miraculous chance had his opportunity come so suddenly? Schooled to repression, his stern visage showed no emotion, only the usual calm smile he wore when combating the apparently irresistible. With only a slight indrawing of his thin lips, he gave an order or two and began work.

He could take his time, he thought with savage satisfaction. The result was certain; he could save the fellow if he chose, yet when he failed, as he intended he should, dexterously, neatly, consummately, his only blame would be for losing one desperate case out of hundreds.

There was a grim pleasure in the thought, a pleasure that unconsciously added precision and speed to his cunning fingers, while the onlookers marvelled at their idol's skill.

Commands were unnecessary. Competent nurses and doctors anticipated every requirement, and the work proceeded rapidly. Yet the patient was visibly sinking, and the surgeon forgot Rufus Hendren the criminal, forgot Clara the weakling, forgot his own revenge.

Before him lay a case—a desperate case. If he could use both hands, and have a third set of fingers besides, he could save—life.

"Take hold here—so. Press down," he commanded his junior in low tones. "Now . . . raise a little. So. . . . Steady a moment! This way. . . . Harder! Quick, now!"

His own hands wielded the deadly, emotionless implements. No one spoke. The arc-lights pumped with a bluish flicker as Death hovered motionless above the glass table. Sweat dripped down Blodgett's face; no one dared clear it from his half-blinded eyes, even to save life.

A moment of desperate haste and skill passed. The lights came back to their normal glare. Blodgett straightened his back, and rubbed his eyes clear on his white shoulders, dropping his knives into a steaming basin.

"You finish it," he commanded the happy interne. "The rest is simple."

As he turned away from the table, a marvelling nurse, pallid with the watching, spoke to him timidly: "Oh, Doctor Blodgett, it was almost like watching God! To have the power of life over death! To think you can do it for one for whom you care nothing!"

He went ghastly white. Hendren! ". . . for one for whom you care nothing!"

He smiled a little, an expression in his eyes she could not fathom, but his voice was cool and steady as usual when he replied:

"Oh, no, nurse; I am only a surgeon. God never makes mistakes. I often do. The man will recover, but, nevertheless, I made a mistake in his case just now."



THE HARPER

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES

THE self-sufficing, perfect moon sat in the skies alone,
Save for one star, a little page below her amber throne;
And yet it was the star whose harp made all the heavens glisten
With brother stars come stealing out from their blue tents to listen.

BLUEBEARD CLOSETS

By Elizabeth Maury Coombs

WE all have our closets of outgrown Ideals, only some of us are more crafty about the key. Outgrown literary idols, outgrown friends, and—far more heart-hurting—outgrown loves. Outgrown husbands—I've seen a-many; outgrown wives, not a few!

Sometimes to remind us of our need of extra clothing, the bleak winds sweep round the corners of life with unamiable insistency. Then we open the wardrobe door on its crying hinges and look over our dusty clothes-presses. It's tiresome work to find in them nothing to suit our figures!

See, I shake out the musty folds of Mary—a friend of the season called Youth; right sadly must I hang her back on her honored hook. She was a joy-giving garment only some ten years gone; but she needs a fuller front-breadth to fit me spiritually again, and I am no dressmaker to essay modifications in the creations of an all-wise God.

And this voluminous velveteen garment was once May. Was it of real velvet, and did it use to be cut on classic lines, or did we only think so? Youth also has its optical illusions. Put it back in all its empty amplitude.

Here is Lucy—a sweetly pretty wrap! But just a trifle too short in the sleeves; yet that trifle makes a world of difference in my comfort. And is this Jack? Dear me! how I must have grown! Or else how he has shrunk in the wash of the years!

And Will—ah, well-a-day! a wife has altered him—the wife I myself advised. She has shortened him until 't would take endless ruffles for him to suit me, or else a severe letting out of tucks. She has taken him in mentally until he has quite a lady-like waist, and bound all his seams neatly with red tape and hypocrisy!

Look over these old literary garbs that used to clothe us. Dear Love! how long past is the summer we wore Longfellow! And after that put on Tennyson—my dresses were just lengthening in those days, and ladies wore basques! You yourself wore a red and yellow striped blazer and—don't tell on us, but we both used to play croquet! That was in the noon-day, before the shadows of life grew so long-legged.

Over on that hook—what is that? Can it really be “The Duchess”? Why, yes, it is. Could I ever have been so small as to wear swaddling clothes? Yes, and very pretty you looked in them.

What’s this—a scarlet gown in the closet of age? Swinburne? Why, I have as good an excuse as the autumn leaves—they wear the same life-tones.

And this sombre black cloak; you were not wont to fancy so grew-some a shade as Edgar Allan Poe! True, but I used to be young, and bread and jam seemed a little more soul-satisfying than meat and wine. Those were the days when you took a milk-shake to brace you up!

Will we, too, shrink as the years advance? Lessen again to the early loves, our ambitions dwindle, our aspirations retrograde, our growing pains find easement when rubbed with the liniment of age? Then will we open again our old time clothes-presses and find them full of proper garments? Until, as we toast our toes by the calm evening fireside of life, clothed in the once straitened vestments of youth, shall we say each to the other, “This old-fashioned bodice too small? Why, it fairly laps over my heart!” “These skirts—why, they are not nearly so narrow as I had thought!”

And then will you rejoin with a manly yawn, “Wife, did you forget to put out the cat? And oh, by the way, you need n’t bother to make those alterations across the chest in this old smoking-jacket. I find it has scope enough for me.”



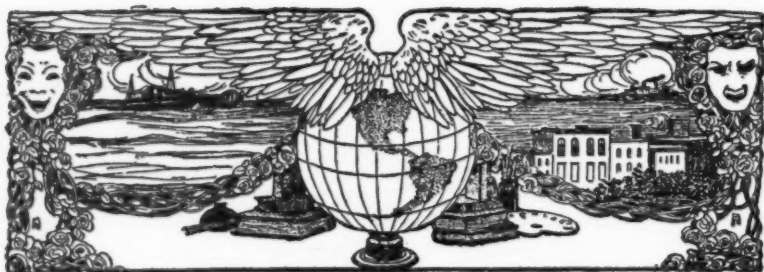
BASEBALL FANS

By Ellis O. Jones

THERE are three subjects which are not reducible to reason; politics, religion, and baseball; and the greatest of these is baseball.

Occasionally a baseball fan (which of course is the vernacular for fanatic and connotes an admission of the charge herein) will venture to assert that his doctor has prescribed outdoor amusement, but even he would probably have engaged a new doctor if the old one had not so prescribed. As for ninety-nine and forty-four hundredths per cent. of baseball fans, they are perfectly brazen. They offer no excuses and will submit to no cross-questioning.

They take their baseball as they do their patriotism, with a hip, hip. Their motto is: “The home team right or wrong, but the home team.”



WAYS OF THE HOUR

A DEPARTMENT OF CURRENT COMMENT AND
CRITICISM—SANE, STIMULATING, OPTIMISTIC

SEEING OTHERS AS THEY SEE THEMSELVES

LITERARY history relates how Flaubert, the master, counselled his pupil, Guy de Maupassant, "Study a tree until you see what every one else sees in it, and then study it until you see what no one else sees in it." And De Maupassant took the advice so thoroughly to heart that his insight into life has never been surpassed.

All makers of images, whether they be of the pen or of the brush, must necessarily have learned something of this practice, and their success must in large measure depend on their ability to see further into things than can other people. They see what other people see, and then they look beyond, and draw out of the object something personal, some quality or attribute that was lying hidden there, waiting for sympathetic eyes to see and bring into the light. But this same gift, growing tremendously with practice, belongs to a much wider realm than that of the writer or the artist. It is a gift which all men who wish to appreciate life should cultivate, for such appreciation lies largely in seeing men and women from their own individual points of view.

The world to-day has learned fairly well the Greek command of "Know thyself," and has in large measure acquired the power "to see ourselves as others see us," but is shockingly lacking in the power, perhaps even in the desire, to see others as they see themselves. We know well how they appear to us; how rarely how they look upon themselves! And this means that we are lacking in any real sympathy, that we are not "*simpatico*," as the Latin races have it.

Look at it very baldly. You hear a group of men talking. The Man from Wall Street is telling how the country should be run. If you listen only a minute or two, you learn that he means how the country should be run for the greatest benefit of Wall Street. Some one ventures a word or two from the viewpoint of the Western farmer. Mr. Wall Street laughs and implies that such a view is childish. Or you hear a New England manufacturer giving his views of the tariff to a Southern planter. Are you listening to children? You well might think so. The chances are that neither is looking at the matter from any other point than that of his own tiny stamping-ground, which usually means his pocketbook. To try to understand how the other man feels is quite beyond their power; they have lost all wish or all ability to do more than know themselves.

And this is as true of most of us and our neighbors as it is of the men we overhear. They interest us only as they concern us, not as they are themselves concerned with other things. Wherefore we miss most of the joy which sympathy and appreciation bring; we miss the artist's knowledge that he must see not only what every one else sees, but what no one else sees, before he can begin to understand.

RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

THE SUPREME COURT

THE recent death of Justice Peckham, of the Supreme Court of the United States, brings vividly to mind more than one vital question connected with that greatest judicial body on the earth. Before these lines are in print, Justice Peckham's successor, who had not yet been appointed when these lines were written, may already have demonstrated that the President, through his appointive power, can determine the attitude of the Supreme Bench toward—for example—the flood of questions now arising under the interstate commerce clause, and the questions of taxation which will presently be coming up; thus materially influencing the trend of constitutional interpretation for all time.

The thought is yet more serious because, with two more justices over seventy and one close upon three score and ten, there is almost the certainty that during a single term of office President Taft will have the obligation to fill four vacancies in the great combination of nine members, which possesses more power than any other judicial body ever possessed.

Nothing but death or impeachment can retire a justice, against his will, after he has taken the oath of office. Vacancies and prospective vacancies caused grave apprehension in some quarters during President Roosevelt's term, lest his ardent and impulsive nature impel him to

take advantage of the opportunity to create a majority that should be in sympathy with his progressive ideas instead of with the ancient common-law notions so agreeable to the modern corporations which had been fostered under them. Under President Grant, the Supreme Court held that the legal tender act of 1862 was unconstitutional. It placed the Administration in a most embarrassing predicament. President Grant had an opportunity to appoint two new justices. Then the question was again brought before the Supreme Court, and the former finding was reversed and the act declared constitutional. No one doubted that President Grant knew the views of the two new members before he appointed them, and it was greatly to the advantage of the nation that he possessed the power and the opportunity.

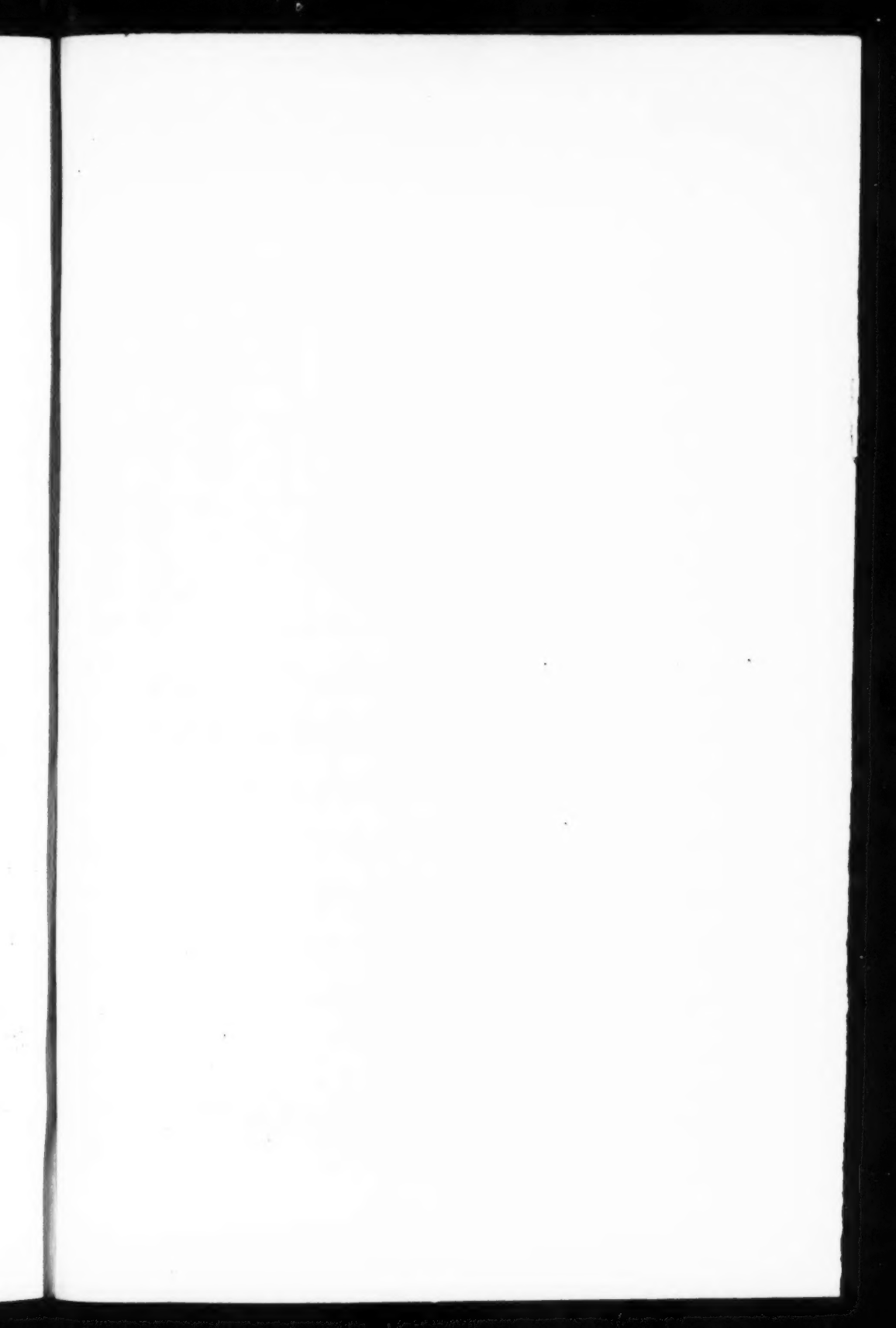
There is no dishonesty, dishonor, or lack of integrity or loyalty necessary. Every good constitutional lawyer has weighed important questions of the day. Every man has his theories, his ambitions, his honest prejudices and firm convictions, and the President, doing all in his power to accomplish certain ends in which he believes, would be a fool to appoint a man who was antagonistic. Nevertheless, it is a tremendous power which rests with the President—in some respects, his greatest power. Thereby he can not only secure the enforcement of his own theories beyond contravention, and establish precedents for the future, but, as in the possibilities of the present conditions, he may be able to arrange the attitude of the Supreme Bench for years to come.

Thinking back a few months, one recalls others who might have been nominated and elected President, and one realizes what some of them might have done under the possible conditions, changing the politics and policies of the great Court for indefinite years. Nor was it just a little startling that one man could say to a Congressman, "You pass that bill, and I will give you a Supreme Court which will sustain it."

The Supreme Bench, with authority unlimited and beyond appeal, unchallengeable, irresponsible, is wholly constitutional. The people have no voice whatever, even in its formation, except that which they devote to the election of the President, who has appointing power. Yet, more emphatically than Congress, the Supreme Court rules the destinies of the nation. If any change has become desirable, with the expansion of the years, nothing short of a constitutional amendment can accomplish it; and nothing short of an almost universal demand can bring about a constitutional amendment.

WILLARD FRENCH





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WILLARD FRENCH



WALNUTS AND WINE



HOW TO WRITE A SHORT STORY

There are a great many recipes on the market for writing the short story, but we confidently claim that ours is the only method.

First: Learn to read and write at sight. Not too much time need be spent at this, as all stories are rewritten in the magazine offices, and as long as you have the idea, this is all that is really necessary. Do not bother about spelling. All offices are supplied with dictionaries.

Second: Secure from the French classics, or from a newspaper paragraph—it does n't matter which—a plot. Remove the plot to some quiet place, turn it inside out, and let it dry in the sun. When thoroughly dry, hammer it thin enough to suit the masses.

Please also to remember the following points:

THE BEGINNING

All short stories should have a beginning. Many of our best short-story writers have not followed this rule, but it is only because of their genius that they have succeeded in spite of it. Young and inexperienced writers should never attempt to get along without it. It is well to begin with an exclamation, as—

"Fudge!"

"Fore!"

"Fickle one!"

These beginnings are taken from our alphabetical list (shortly to be issued), at random, but they will give a fair idea.

Other beginnings may be as follows:

Fur on Mars. You would n't believe it, but it—

Fancy a dead man hanging to the end of the motor-car!

Fanny kicked me playfully in the face.

The idea of the beginning, as will be seen from these examples, is to surprise and interest the reader,

Walnuts and Wine

THE DIALOGUE

All stories consist of dialogue, which should lead to something. By the dialogue we can often determine what the characters are about. This should be the aim of every good story-writer. Such expressions as

"Kiss me!"

"I love you!"

"Avaunt!"

should be carefully avoided. Try to be original without being slangy. For example:

"Oh!" said I.

"Indeed!" she replied.

"True," I added shamelessly.

THE CLIMAX

All short stories should lead up to something. This is the climax. Some writers put their climaxes first. It is better to have two or three climaxes to every story, and let the editor take his choice. He loves to do this, and you will also have the satisfaction of knowing that nine times out of ten he will select the wrong one. In case you cannot think of a climax, do not destroy the story. Instead of this, get an old file of some humorous paper and sprinkle in a few jokes throughout. Thus your story will have a ready sale. In order to do this, it will be necessary for you to read most of the other short stories that are being published, in order not to get the same jokes. But this is a part of the storyteller's art, and should not be despised because of the labor involved.

THE SUBJECT

This is of the greatest importance. Always select a subject that will not offend anybody. To do this, take a pastor, a prude, and a Republican politician, and consider whether the subject would be pleasing to them. If it is pleasing to each, or to all, you may be sure that no editor will object to it.

Thomas L. Masson



NATURE FAKING?

By Caro Green

It's strange that Teddy went so far,
Wild beasts his skill to try on;
For every spring the White House lawn
Holds many a dandelion.

Walnuts and Wine

LITTLE CONVERSATIONS

IMPERISHABLE

"Do you think it is a wise thing to send a boy away to college, Binks?" asked Rippleton.

"Oh, yes," replied Binks. "Teaches him independence."

"But does n't he get out of touch with home influences?" persisted Rippleton.

"Not altogether," said Binks. "He gets away from the home influences, but the 'touch' goes on forever."

* * *

ACCOUNTED FOR

"You look old to-night, John dear," said Mrs. Peters, as she finally announced her readiness to start for the theatre.

"Yes, my love," replied Peters. "I age a good deal while you are putting your hat on."

* * *

THE REAL THING

"What a curious paper-weight that is," said Wilbraham, looking over the paraphernalia on Hawkins's desk. "Looks like a tea-biscuit."

"It is," replied Hawkins.

"Odd sort of a model to choose," said Wilbraham. "How cleverly they imitate these things nowadays! You'd think that was the real thing."

"It is the real thing," said Hawkins. "My daughter made it after taking a course in cooking at Gassar."

* * *

EXPLAINED

"We are very proud of our son, Mrs. Van Gilder," said Mrs. Jones, after a hundred and ninety-five pounds of Jones, Jr., had tripped over the rug in his anxiety to escape from the drawing-room. "He is a trifle ungainly in his manners, but that is only the effect of his recent environment, and will wear off very soon."

"Oh, I am sure it will, Mrs. Jones," said Mrs. Van Gilder amiably. "Has your son been out on one of these great Western ranches?"

"Oh, no, indeed," replied Mrs. Jones. "He has just been graduated from one of these great Eastern Colleges."

Horace Dodd Austin

Walnuts and Wine

A GALLANT THIRD PARTY

By Littell MeClung

A wooer, a maid, and the moon,
And a starry night, you 'll allow;
Let's say in August or June,
Though it hardly matters just now.

The man in the moon peered down
With a jealous eye on the pair,
And his face was dark with a frown,
For the girl was bewitchingly fair.

"Just one," begged the lover. "Please, dear.
Don't you see that I love only you?
And nobody's looking, don't fear;
And you know that I'll ever be true."

But the maid saw the man in the moon,
And she hardly knew how to reply:—
Maybe she might pretty soon;
Yet maybe he ought n't to try.

But the chap in the sky was a brick,
And he saw that he should n't be seen;
So he gathered a cloud, black and thick,
And set it up quick as a screen.

A TIMELY TRIP

Little Brother (who has just been given some candy): "If I were you, I should n't take sister yachting this afternoon."

Ardent Suitor: "Why do you say that, Tommy?"

"Well, I heard her tell mother this morning that she feared she'd have to throw you over."

Nixon Waterman

REVISED PROVERBS

Poets are born, not paid.

Flour by any other name would cost as much.

One swallow may not make a summer, but one grasshopper makes many springs.

A bird on the tree is worth two on the hat.

Where there's a pill, there's a pay.

Joe King

Walnuts and Wine

"Good Morning,
Have you used
PEARS'
SOAP"

The Question of the Day

The question of to-day, of to-morrow, and of every succeeding day, is—*Have you used Pears' Soap?* If you have not, you have not done your duty by your skin and complexion. If, on the other hand, that is on both hands, and on the face, and on the skin generally, you **HAVE** used **PEARS**, you can feel happy, for you have done the best that possibly can be done for the skin's health and beauty. There can be no question about that. **PEARS** has been making beautiful complexions for nearly 120 years.

Pears
Answers For All



OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.

"All rights secured."

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

Walnuts and Wine

CONCERNING COMETS

What is a comet? It is a heavenly body mostly surrounded by tail. A comet's tail has length and breadth, but no thickness, being so thin you can see through it. Astronomers have not yet discovered whether the comet wags the tail or the tail wags the comet, and they are not trying to, because it would go on just the same if they did. The difference between a comet's tail and a cocktail is so apparent that if you went up to the rail and called for a comet's tail, the barkeep would be likely to tell you that you had 'em again and to get tell out of there. The part of a turkey that gets over the fence last is the tail end, but the tail end of a comet is not so easy to locate. Usually a comet's tail is as harmless as a rabbit's, but the one now swishing through the sidereal heavens is said to be composed largely of twenty-cent gas and is dangerous to life. This sounds like a Consolidated Gas Company's hint for dollar gas, and maybe it is. We shall know more about it when the earth gets into the gas-belt of the comet.

Do not attempt to step on a comet's tail, because no one knows what might happen if you did. And do not try to drive a comet the way you want it to go, as you would a steer, by twisting its tail. The reason is obvious. A comet does not use its tail to shoo the flies away, because there are no flies on a comet, even when it gets near the Milky Way. Several million persons have recently suggested in print and elsewhere that a comet may be caught by putting salt on its tail, but nobody has done it because nobody seems to want to catch a comet and would n't know what to do with it if they did catch it. Besides, it may be a joke to say that.

However, a comet's tail is no short story and cannot all be told in one writing.

P.S. We do not believe any editor in this country would have space to print a comet's tail, anyhow.

W. J. Lampton



CLAREFIED FRENCH

By Clifton B. Dowd

There was once a young person named Clare,
Who adopted a Frenchified air.

She drank *café noir*,
And when told "*Au revoir*,"
Would always reply, "*Pomme de terre!*"

Walnuts and Wine



NABISCO

SUGAR WAFERS

Serve NABISCO
with berries. The delicate
fruit flavor and the sweet,
creamy centers of the wafers
form a combination simply irresistible.

In ten cent tins

Also in twenty-five cent tins

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

Walnuts and Wine

THE RHYME OF YE FISHERMAN

By John Kendrick Bangs

Oh, he was a fisherman brave and bold
Who went to fish on the ocean cold.
He fished all day, and he fished all night,
But nary a fish on his hook would bite.
The codfish winked, and the sardine sad
Grinned a gruesome smile at the shimmering shad,
And the pranksome whale
Lashed his joyous tail
Till the waves beat high on the sandy shale;
And the hungry shark
With the ways so dark
Flopped around like a squirrel in Central Park.
They were all too bright
On that bait to bite,
For they knew full well if they bit that bait
It was no Sandy Hook would be their fate,
But a dinner-bell
Would sound their knell
In a private house or a swell hotel.
So the fisherman, with his heart dead-broke,
Went back once more to his waiting folk;
But lest they think he'd no luck at all,
He stopped on the way and hired a haul,
And he told his kids of what fun he'd had
In getting a grip on that ten-pound shad;
And how he'd fought for the macker—el
That they loved so well;
And how that cod so sleek and fat
Had knocked him flat
With his four-pound fin
As he pulled him in;
And how a whale he'd harpooned the whiles
Had carried his boat for a hundred miles
Ere he cut the line that would set him free
Lest he land on the coast of Jigamaree!

MORAL

Believe no tales that the fishers tell.
They're all good men, and they all mean well,
But it's Nature's plan, and it never fails:
There's something fishy in all fish tails!

Walnuts and Wine



Good Morning! I've had my
Toasted Corn Flakes.
Have You?

HENRY HUTT

NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS SIGNATURE

W. K. Kellogg

Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Co., Battle Creek, Mich.
Canadian Trade Supplied by the Battle Creek Toasted
Corn Flake Co., Ltd., London, Ont.



Copyright 1909, by Kellogg Toasted Corn
Flake Co.

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

Walnuts and Wine

TOO TRUTHFUL

Truth-telling in itself is not always particularly wise nor praise-worthy. Indeed, it is sometimes the reverse. Perhaps this can be illustrated in the case of the young man who called on a young lady very early one spring morning. He wanted to give her a spin through the country in his big touring-car. A little girl—the young lady's niece—answered the bell.

"Is your auntie in?" asked the young man.

"Yes, sir," said the little girl.

"That's good. Where is she?" he went on.

"She's up-stairs," answered the little girl, "in her nighty, looking over the balustrade."

William C. Bennett

SHE LOOKED AFTER HIS CLOTHES

Two women were talking over the back-yard fence, when one of them remarked: "My husband always wears a clean shirt every Sunday morning."

"Well, now," said the other, "I never cares about Sundays; but I allus do see that he has a clean shirt every Saturday afternoon, 'cause that's the time he's generally drinkin', and when he does take his coat off to fight, I do like to see him looking nice and clean."

Hugh Morist

PERTINENT AND IMPERTINENT

Is Philadelphia awake at last, or is she just turning over in her sleep?

New York Contributor

A GOLF EXPERT

A story is told of two old antagonists who met on a Scotch golf-course every Saturday afternoon.

On one occasion, when they were all "square" at the seventeenth, and the loser of the previous week had just played his third in the shape of a nice approach to the green, last week's winner came up to his ball with grim purpose. He had an easy pitch to the green, but a number of young sheep were unconcernedly browsing along the edge.

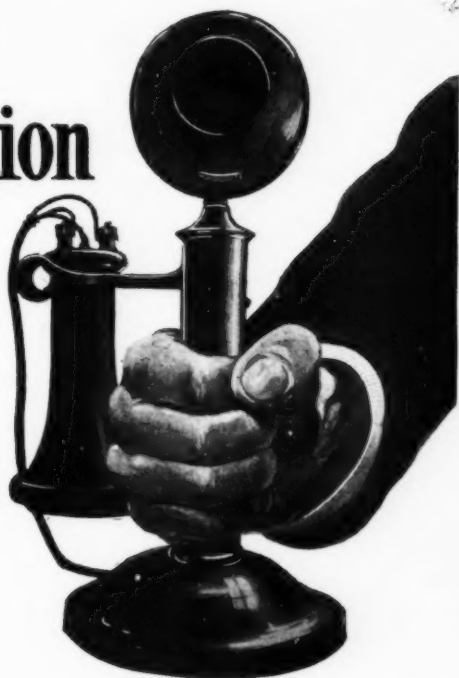
"Run forward, laddie," said last week's winner to his caddie, "and drive awa' the lambs!"

"Na, na!" vigorously protested his opponent. "Bide where ye be, laddie! Ye canna move any growin' thing! That's the rule o' gowff!"

Eduin Tarrisse

Walnuts and Wine

Universal Intercommunication



Universal service as typified by the Bell System today is the result of thirty years of unceasing endeavor.

The equipment for this service includes ten million miles of wire, more than twenty-five thousand miles of underground conduit, buildings enough to house a city of people, thousands of switchboards with millions of tiny electric lights and billions of miles of fine copper threads—*over five million telephones in daily use.*

This great development has been made possible only by sound financing and proper provision for maintenance and reconstruction; while fair profits and substantial security have won the confidence of conservative investors. Especially when considered with the fact that the value of Bell properties exceeds the outstanding capital.

The Bell System was so wisely planned and soundly constructed that it has kept pace with the constantly increasing demands of a Nation.

***Twenty million connections made daily
show the usefulness of the Bell Service***

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

One Policy One System Universal Service

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

Walnuts and Wine

RODENTS!

By Grace MacD. Thompson

A long, lean cat once met a friend;
The friend was plump and round.
Said the long, lean cat, "You can scarcely bend.
Too fat by many a pound."

The plump cat looked around in fear,
Then whispered soft and low,
"Do tell me, Tom, if no one's near,
Tell me, *does* my rat show?"

LATER KNOWLEDGE

The janitor brought him in by the back of the neck and reported that two had been fighting, but this was the only one he could catch. His nose was bleeding, his eye was getting black.

"Why were you fighting?" asked the principal.

"John Rogers said he could lick any boy in the class, and I said he could n't lick me."

"Why did you say that when you knew he could?"

"When I said that, I did n't *know* he could lick me."

John L. Shroy

BEWILDERING RECOMPENSE

Aunt Martha laid down her weekly newspaper, and, assuming a pensive attitude, addressed her husband.

"Josh," said she, "I don't see how it is some folks git paid a lot of money for not liftin' a hand. As an example, this paper tells how a certain celebrated tenor was paid a thousand dollars just fer appearin' at a concert in Chicago!"

"I've read sech things afore, and they keep me a-scratchin' my head, too!" rejoined Uncle Josh, with a sigh. "Why, only a couple o' weeks ago I read where a well-known prize-fighter was offered ten thousand dollars simply to meet another fighter in his own taown!"

C. C. Mullin

A MAN OF FEW WORDS

Mr. Jones, who is a man of few words, went into a music store to buy some music for his wife.

"Mikado libretto," he said to the clerk.

The clerk stared. "What's that?" he asked.

"Mikado libretto," said Mr. Jones again.

"Me no spik de Italian," said the clerk.

T. T. Trapnell

The Unequalled Triumph of
Ferruccio Busoni

THE GREATEST LIVING PIANIST

as shown by the enthusiastic criticism of the press and musical critics everywhere, could not have been accomplished without the aid of an instrument of the inimitable character of the

Chickering
PIANO

of which he writes as follows:

Messrs. Chickering & Sons.

Gentlemen:—Not because it would be a comprehensible impulse of politeness,—nor even because we are associated in one common artistic interest,—but merely through sincere sympathy and pure conviction, I feel bound to express to you my high appreciation and my deep gratitude as far as are concerned your great achievements and your most kind services with the

Chickering Pianos.

To realize an enjoyable piano-playing, these are the conditions:—to perform beautifully beautiful music on a beautiful instrument. The first I try to obtain; the second is provided by great masters, charming masters, respectful masters; the third undoubtedly you have produced into my hands.

There are piano-maker's art studios, and there are piano-maker's manufactories. Remain as you are, the artists in piano-making. It is the way to add your own chapter to the history of music.

I am, Gentlemen,

Yours most faithfully,

Ferruccio Busoni

This is undoubtedly the greatest tribute ever paid a piano by a world-famed artist. It is an enthusiastic outpouring of that which is in his heart concerning the piano that enabled him to perfect his art. Hear the exquisite tone-quality and power of Chickering pianos at the stores of our representatives everywhere.

Made Solely by Chickering & Sons

(Established 1823)

Boston, Mass.

Walnuts and Wine

THE FABLE OF THE CELESTIAL BOOKKEEPER

One day, while walking to the place where he worked, a Man who had a Kind Heart and Very Little Else was accosted by an Old Male Beggar with a Red Nose. The man was plainly a Bum, but it was Equally Plain that he was Very Miserable and Probably Hungry. The Man Accosted shook his head impatiently and passed on—only to come to a halt a second later, retrace his steps, and drop a Coin in the Beggar's hand.

Oddly enough, this happened in front of a Superb Mansion, in the library of which sat the Man Who Owned It. He was looking Pleased with himself and with all the world, for he had just finished looking over a Statement showing that his Total Wealth amounted to some Four Hundred Millions of Dollars. It was with an air of Extreme Benevolence that he took up a pen and signed a Check for a Hundred Thousand Dollars, which he was to bestow upon a well known University.

Then the Recording Angel, who had been an Impassive Witness of Both Transactions, reached for the Scroll of Good Deeds and made a Mark opposite One Name.

Clifton B. Dowd

NOMENCLATURE

By Karl von Kraft

When Bossy invented a gentleman calf

They called him Monseigneur Boulé.

Next spring when a lady calf dawned on the scene

They christened her Calfy au Lait.

ATTENTION, LADIES!

In the Ragged Mountains, of Virginia, dwell a primitive folk who, it is said, live mostly on wild berries and philanthropic old ladies. A Northern man who visited this section was greatly shocked one day to see two of these mountain women busily engaged in pulling each other's hair and tearing each other's clothes. It was only by sheer dint of muscle that he finally succeeded in getting the two combatants apart.

"Are n't you two ashamed of yourselves to fight like that?" he demanded. "What were you fighting about, any way?"

Dusty, dishevelled, perspiring, they paused a moment, and then one of them, pushing the straggling locks back from her eyes, replied: "Well, Mister, what's er lady ter do when another lady cusses her?"

E. M. C.



They say the pen is mightier than the sword;
—And soldiers tin are tiresome things I think—
So I shall be a poet, but I'm glad

That **HAND SAPOLIO's**
mightier than the ink!



Blanche Fisher

Walnuts and Wine

THE THIRD DEGREE

A young lady who had the reputation among her masculine friends of being rather too persistent called up one of them on the telephone last Monday night, and the following conversation took place:

"Hello, is that you, George? . . . Can't you come over to-night and see me? I've got lots to tell you."

George: "Well, no, I can't. I'm awfully sorry, but I've got tickets for the opera, and could n't possibly give them up. Thanks, just the same."

She: "How about Tuesday night? I want to see you terribly."

George: "Well, no, I can't come Tuesday night either. My sister is giving a party, and I've got to be there."

She: "Could you come Wednesday night, then? I've an engagement, but I want to see you so much that I will put it off."

George, hastily: "No, no, I would n't have you break an engagement for me for the world."

She: "Then do come Thursday. You see, I happen to have a free week, and can see you 'most any night."

George: "Well, on Thursday I—er—you see, on Thursday I—oh, hang it all, I'll come to-night!"

Joseph Balch, Jr.

GETTING AROUND A DIFFICULTY

A friend of mine, who was once County Clerk, of Des Moines, Iowa, told me of an experience he had while holding the office, with a woman who made numerous calls upon him, in company with a man who was always in a state of intoxication. The purpose of their visits was to secure a marriage license. As a matter of course, the clerk each time refused the request.

The last time the woman appeared, as usual leading in her drunken friend, the clerk, in a most impatient mood, exclaimed:

"My dear woman, why do you always bring this man here to get a license when he is drunk?"

"Because," said she naively, "I can never get him to come along when he is sober."

R. M. Winans

THE ETERNAL FEMINE

"Myrtle has gone upon the vaudeville stage and has made an instant big hit because of her daring."

"What is her act?"

"She sings in a cage of mice."

George Frederick Wilson

Walnuts and Wine

In the
wake
of

MENNEN'S

BABIES REVEL IN IT!

Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder. Soothing, Comforting. Allays irritation. Prevents chafing. For Mother's use also. Substitutes rob you. Insist on Mennen's. Sample box for 2c. stamp. Try Mennen's (Borated) Skin Soap, (blue wrapper). Especially prepared for the Nursery. No samples.

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By L. T. H.

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I grind my teeth indoors.

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"Jay!"

"Kay!"

"Hell!"

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W. A.

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"No umbrella has been found here," the professor was told in the first store. The German shrugged his shoulders and went out.

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We get some li-kely stories, with
The accent on the lie.

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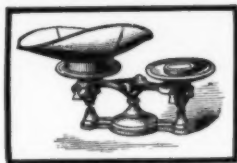
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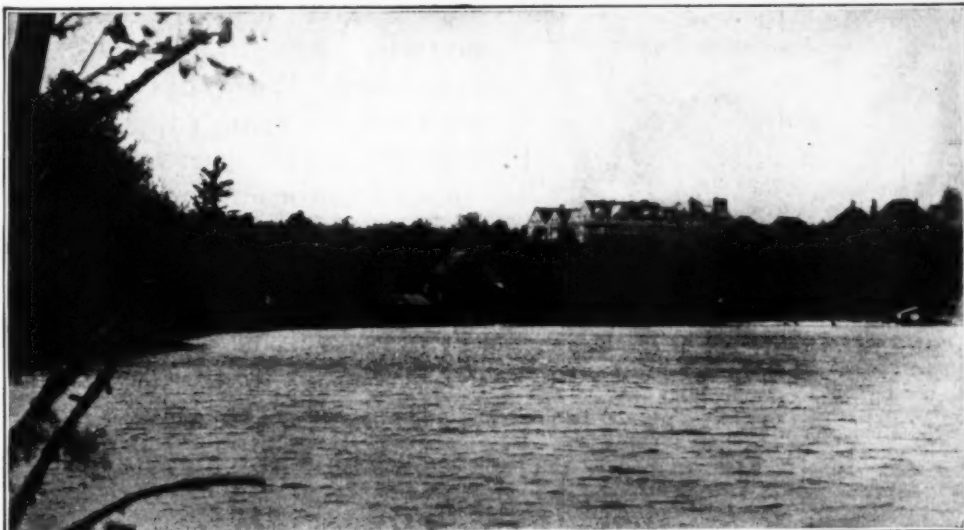
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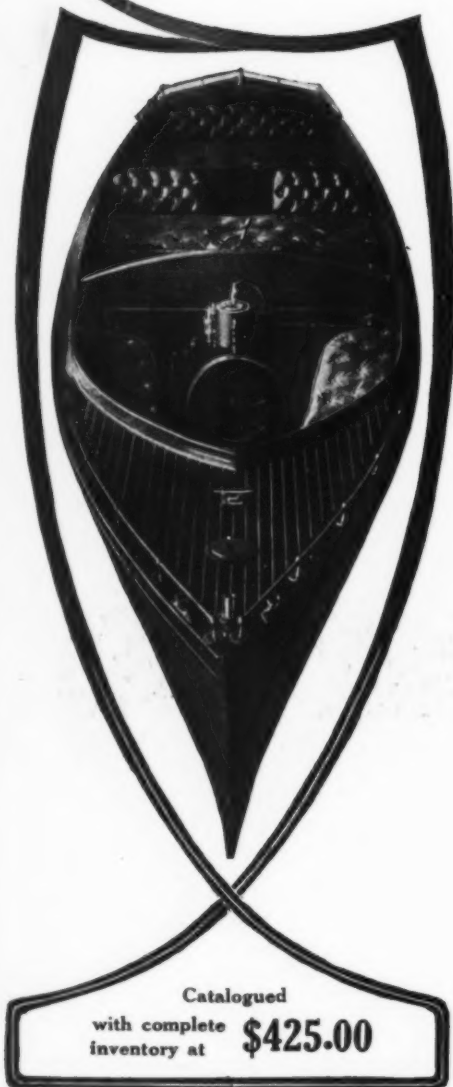
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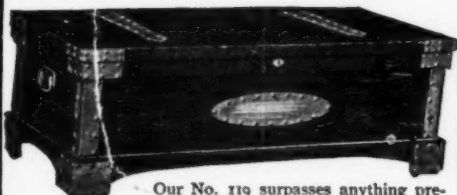
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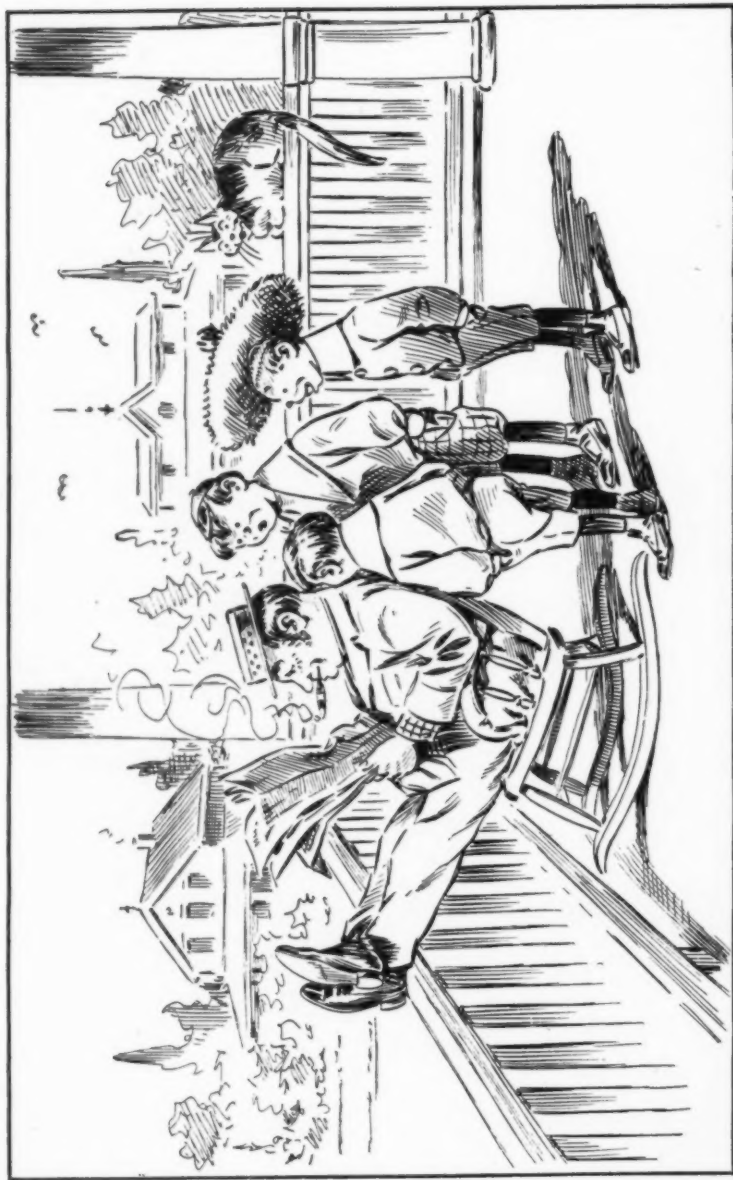
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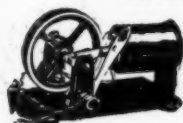
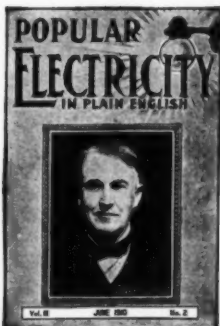
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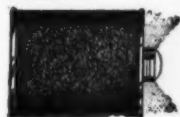


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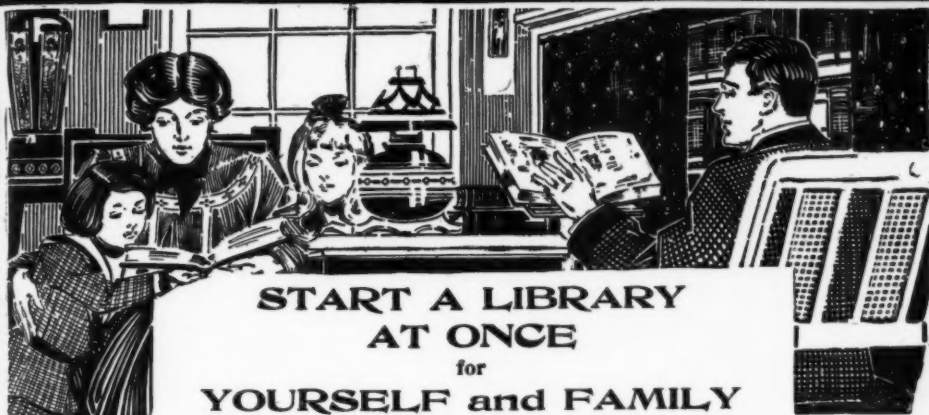
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